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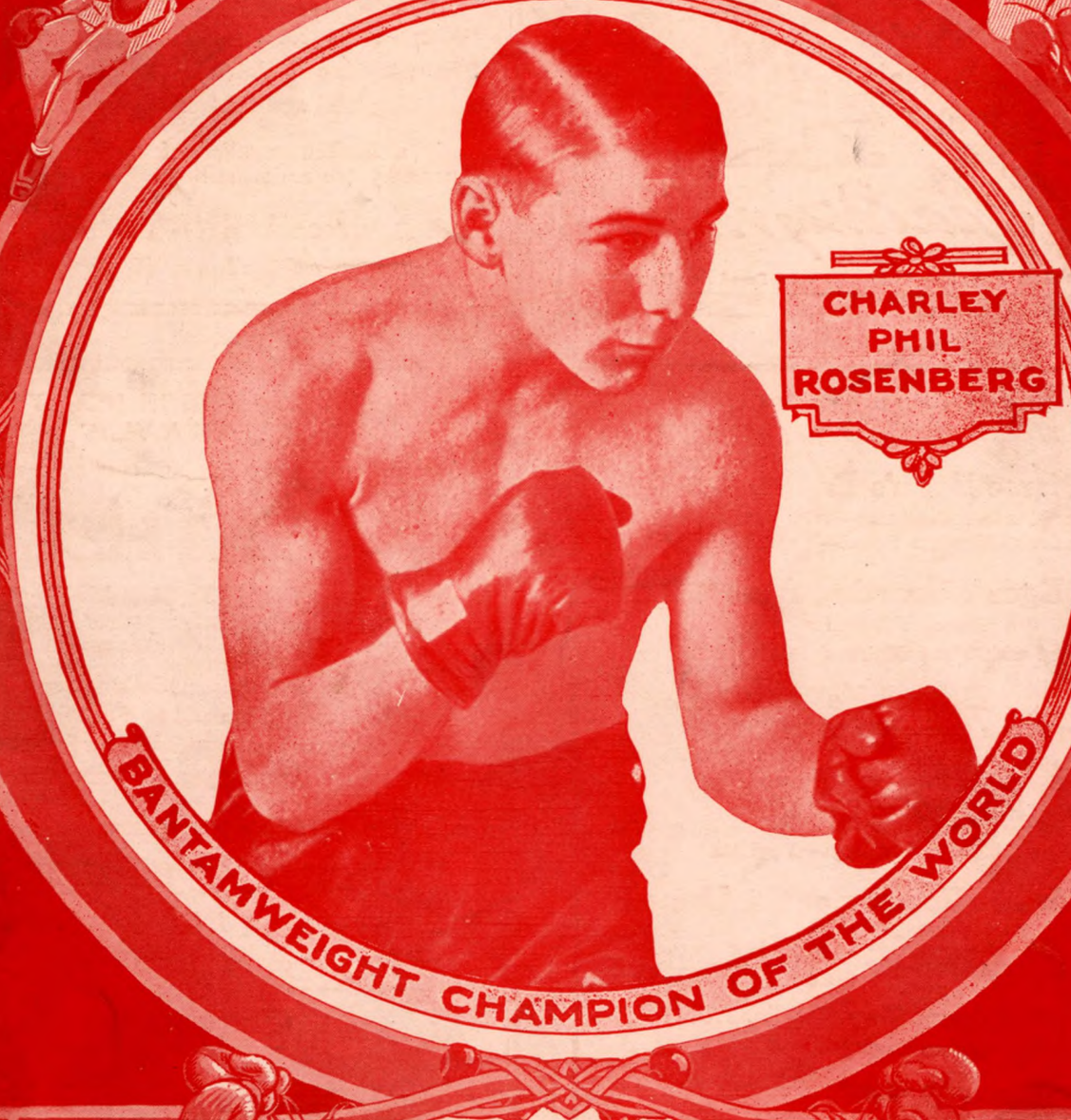

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MAY, 1925

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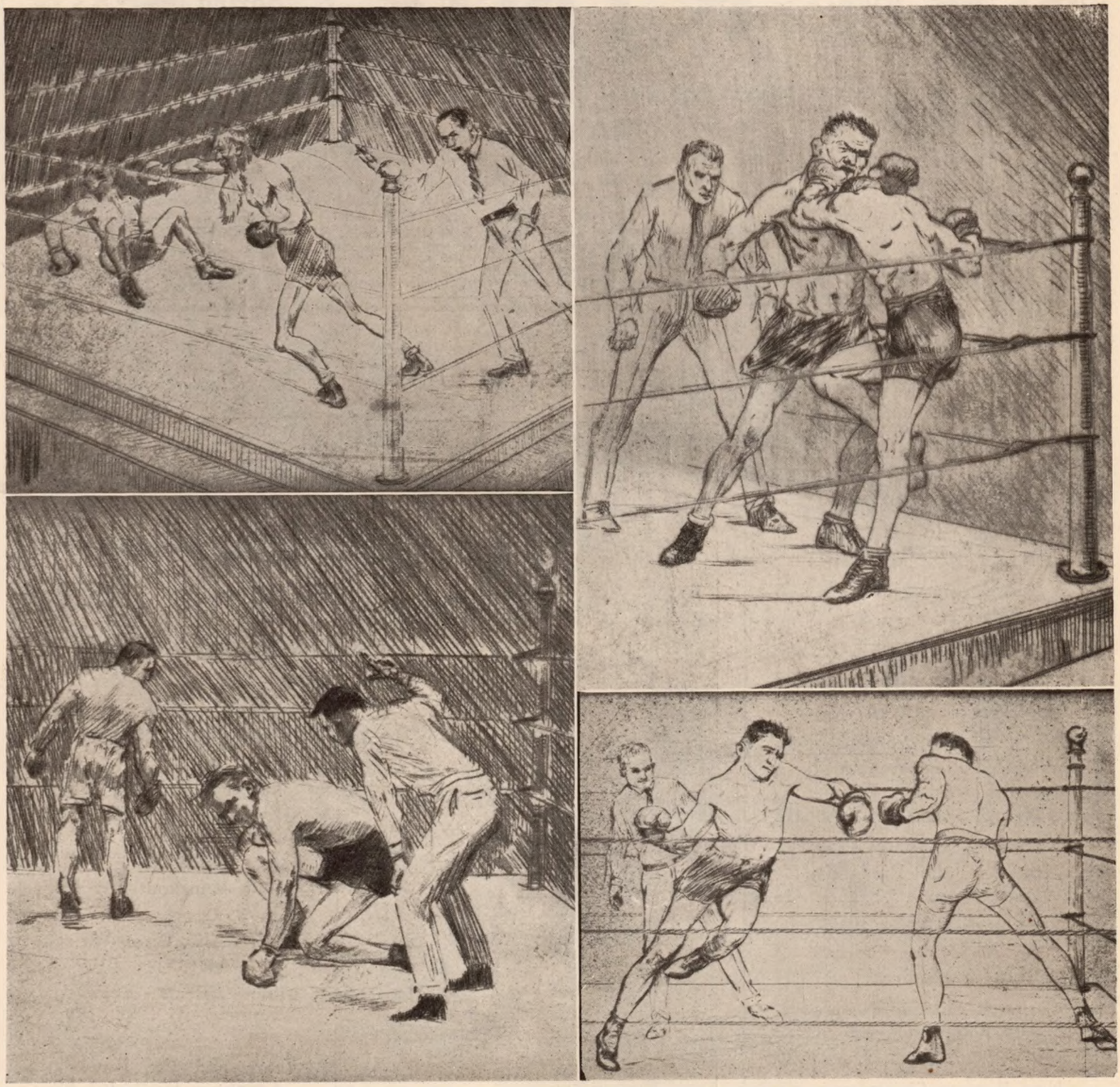
TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Hard Workers of the Roped Square—By Jack Kofoed	6
My Hardest Fight — By Jack Dempsey	8
Just An Earful—By Tad	9
A Portrait of "John L."—By Adrian Listina	10
Prospectors in Socks—By Frank Graham	11
When Ruffianism Ruled Politics and the Ring—By Al Spink	12
Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring—By Our Readers	16
La Blanche's Pivot Blow, An Accidental Punch—By A. D. Phillips	17
Corbett's Hitting Powers—By John L. (Ike) Dorgan	17
New Bantam Champion a Pocket Edition of Jack Britton—By Francis Albertanti	18
"Kid" McCoy Trickiest Fighter in Ring History—By Tim McGrath	20
As We See It—Editorial Comment — By Nat Fleischer	22
The Main Idea—By Grantland Rice	24
At the Radio—By Roy I. Hoppman	24
Madison Square Garden—By John Francis Stanford	24
The Manager—By Jay J. Thomas	24
Cheers—By James K. McGuinness	24
"He Carried a Horseshoe in His Glove"	25
Philadelphia's First View of a Knockout—By Ed Cole	25
Young Griffo Gives Advice to Dempsey	25
Minute Rests Between Rounds—By Eddie Borden	26
Years and the Knuckle Game — (Cartoon) by Ed. Hughes	39
What Our Readers Have to Say	40
Managers' Directory	41
Questions and Answers—By Francis Albertanti	42

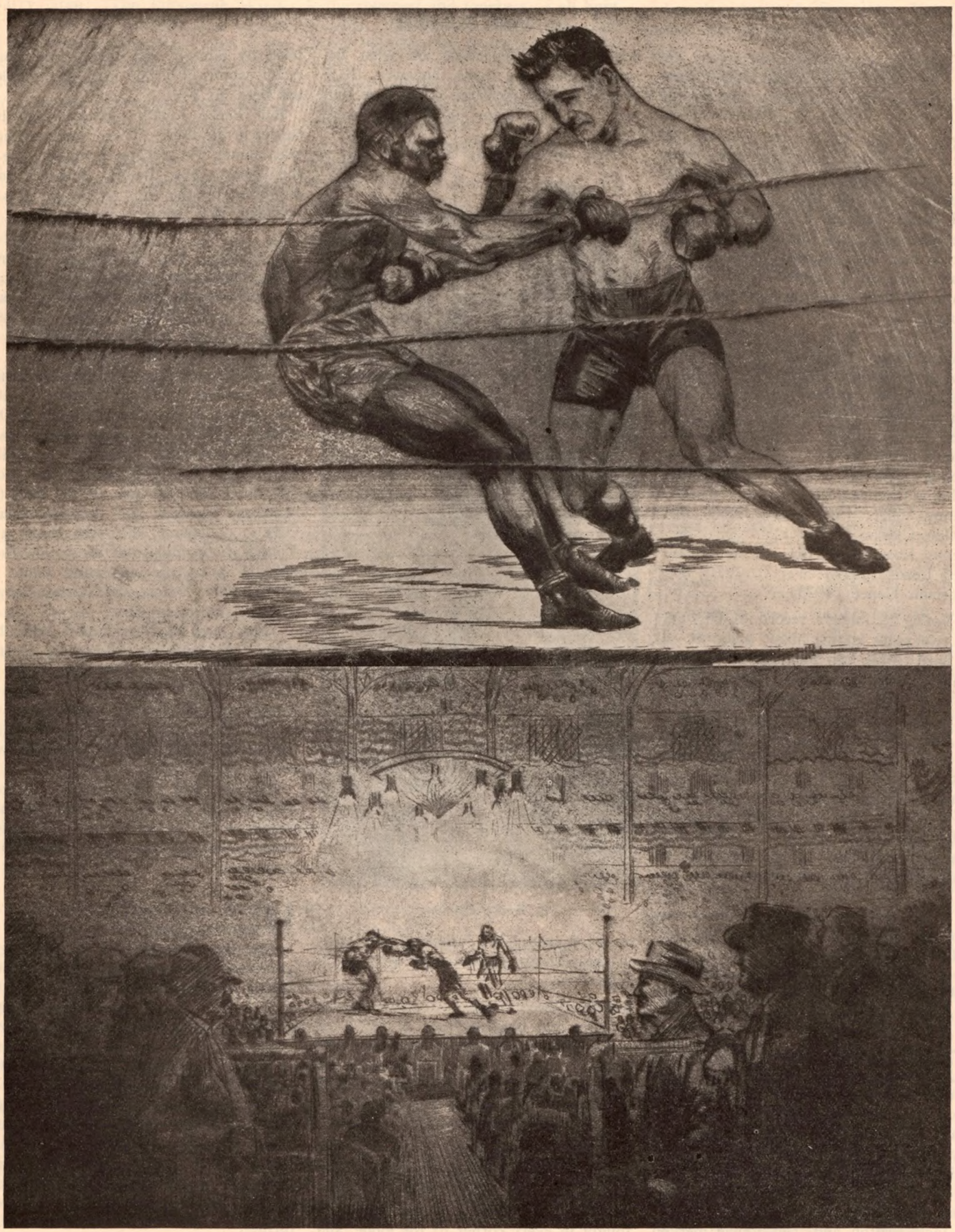
When James J. Jeffries trained for his bout with Jack Johnson wrestling was one of his daily exercises. Here he is shown manhandling one of his training partners. Our present champion—Jack Dempsey—is fond of wrestling. Only a few weeks ago he threw Bull Montana in a bout for charity on the coast.

Action Caught by the Camera Eye of An Etcher —By Henry Ziegler



Father Time knocks out the champion (upper left). Cornered (upper right). Nine (lower left). Telegraphing a Punch (lower right). The above etchings were made by Henry Ziegler in Madison Square Garden. Mr. Zeigler is one of the rising stars in the field of etchers. Already he has received the praise of America's greatest art critics. At present he is engaged in making etchings and several oil paintings of the final events in all branches of sport staged in the historic Garden arena. These will commemorate the historic Garden, which will be torn down on May 6. Only a very limited number of etchings of each sport will be made. Mr. Ziegler's studio is in Madison Square Garden.

Garden Bouts in Etchings—By Henry Ziegler



Above: Paul Berlenbach battering Battling Siki into submis sion in Madison Square Garden bout. Siki, unable to protect himself, is holding onto the ropes. Below: The passing of a champion. Charley (Phil) Rosenberg fighting his way to the bantam title over Eddie (Cannonball) Martin.

Hard Workers of the Roped Square

By JACK KOFOED

IN these days, when champions are disinclined to fight, and a good many boxers spend as little time in the ring as they possibly can—it is refreshing to dig into the records, and see that there were—and still are—some fistic gentlemen willing to box as often as promoters will bid them.

I looked through a 1925 record-book the other day, and learned that a number of men had competed twenty-five or more times in a single season. That's work, m' lads, and you can't get away from it.

	Bouts
Jimmy Finley (1923)	37
Young Stribling (1924)	36
Tiger Flowers (1924)	34
Harry Greb (1919)	33
Ted Lewis (1912)	33
Harry Greb (1917)	31
Young Stribling (1923)	28
Johnny Dundee (1911)	28
Benny Valger (1917)	28
Jackie Clarke (1921)	27
Benny Leonard (1916)	26
Ted Lewis (1917)	25
Norman Genet (1923)	25

Young Stribling's record of 64 bouts in two years is just about a record. It is hard to see how any man could work much oftener than that. And, it might be said that the Georgia schoolboy did very well. He lost only two decisions.

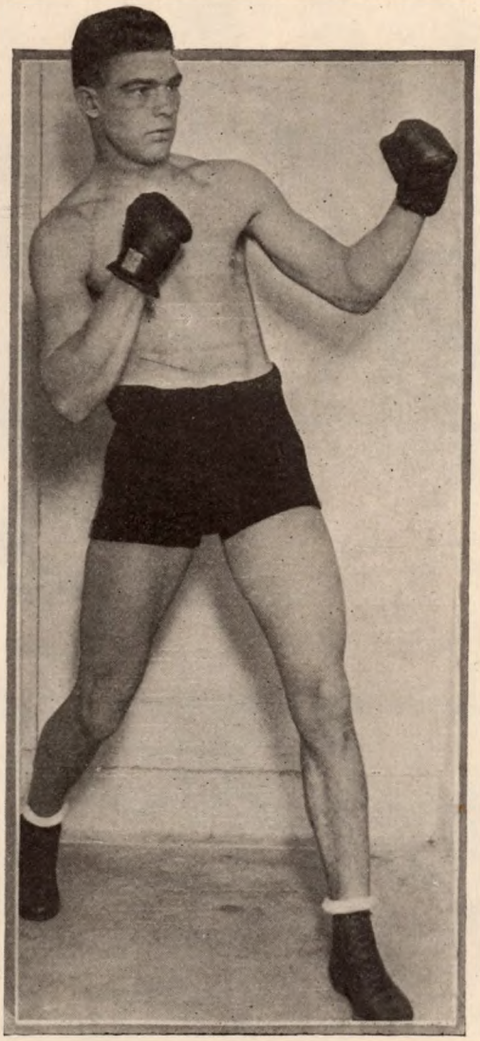
But, of course, one year or even two of such gigantic effort cannot get a man into the list of the hardest workers of all time. I have compiled the records of fifty men in the past generation or so who have been among the most consistently employed of the fighting brigade. Six of the men named above are in it.

I do not claim that other boxers may not be entitled to a place in this list. The record books at my disposal, however, are fairly comprehensive, and the "Famous Fifty" would probably stand up well against any comparisons.

THERE may be some accusation of "padding." If so, the blame rests on the fighters, and not on the statistician. For instance, Abe the Newsboy (Abraham Hollandersky), who tops the field by a very wide margin, boxed Austin Rice on no less than fourteen occasions. None but the most gullible will believe that these battles were all for blood.

Jack Britton and Ted Lewis met on seventeen occasions, and Sam Langford and Joe Jeannette put on their "act" a dozen times. Regardless of what arrangements were made, however, these fellows at least appeared in the ring, and some of their "team" fights really were good.

That no race may claim too big a



Young Stribling

share of energy the following tabulation of the ancestry of the hard workers is appended:

Russian Jew	4
German and English Jew	7
Irish	16
Italian	7
English	4
German	4
Danish	3
Negro	5

Abe the Newsboy leads by such a preposterously wide margin that his record must not be taken too seriously. He fought in every corner of the globe, and the figures are not entirely accurate. They are taken from his record as compiled by himself, but even a mathematician would probably err—so jumbled has been his life.

Kid Beebe fought practically all his battles in the East. There is no question that, among the recognized fighters, he is the leader. For, though, Beebe is now forgotten by the fans, he really was a cracking little fellow in his day.

AMONG the champions, Johnny Dundee has a solid lead of four hundred rounds over his nearest competitor, Jack Britton. Both are still active, so their records will continue to grow indefinitely.

The fighters included in this list of the fifty "hardest workers," engaged in 10,064 bouts. Those battles lasted 81,030 rounds—slightly over eight rounds each.

Light hitters like "Boer" Unholz, Ted Lewis and others averaged close to those ten rounds because they did not have the necessary power to stop their opponents. Others, of course, like Kid Beebe and Young Erne did practically all their fighting over the six-round route in Philadelphia, and so the average length of their battles is short.

There may be some figures here that seem a bit puzzling. There is George Dixon, great "Little Chocolate," for instance. His longest fight lasted 70 rounds, and he fought no less than 31 of twenty rounds or over. Yet, the figures show that his average fight was about nine rounds.

It is true that Dixon engaged in many long drawn out affairs, but he also stopped many of his opponents in a few rounds, which brings the average down quite a bit.

HERE is a brief "Who's Who" of the Famous Fifty:

Abe the Newsboy: A middleweight, who has fought and wrestled all over the world. His titles include that of heavyweight champion of Panama, and welterweight wrestling champion of the world.

Kid Beebe: A featherweight, who met all the stars of his day. Is now a peddler at Philadelphia boxing clubs.

Johnny Dundee: Former featherweight and junior lightweight champion; one of the physical marvels of ring history.

Jack Britton: Former welterweight champion of the world, who, at nearly forty years of age, is still a brilliant performer.

Ted Kid Lewis: Held the welterweight title before losing it to Britton.

Started boxing at sixteen, and, after sixteen years of competition is still one of England's best.

Harry Greb: "The Pittsburgh Windmill," present middleweight and former light heavyweight champion. One of the most tireless performers that ever lived.

Matty Baldwin: A rough, mauling New England lightweight, who was a star eighteen or twenty years ago.

Mel Coogan: A cleverer, but not as tough a fighter as Baldwin.

Abe Attell: One of the greatest featherweight champions the world ever saw. A real master.

Johnny Alberts: Never a real star, he performed consistently and successfully at most of the smaller Metropolitan clubs.

Battling Levinsky: Who, as "Barney Williams," never had much success. Won the American light heavyweight title, after changing his name, and held it until knocked out by Georges Carpentier.

Freddy Welsh: A brilliantly clever, but light hitting lightweight champion. He won the title from Willie Ritchie in London, and lost it to Benny Leonard in New York.

Kid Williams: A veteran marvel among the bantams. Lost his crown to Pete Herman in a hair-line decision bout. Still dangerous after a dozen years and more of action.

Jackie Clarke: A hard bitten lad who has fought all the best ones in his class. Never approached the heights, but was willing to try.

George Dixon: "Little Chocolate," a master boxer, and former bantamweight champion, who died in poverty.

Jeff Smith: A globe trotter, who has fought in many countries. His defensive style is not particularly interesting to watch, but it has won him many victories.

Pal Moore: One of the busiest of the bantams.

SAM LANGFORD: "The Boston Tar Baby," who would probably have won the heavyweight championship had not Jack Johnson consistently refused to meet him. Langford is poor and almost blind now.

"Dutch" Brandt: Just a game, willing little man.

Mike Donovan: "Professor Mike" was one of the great middleweights a quarter of a century ago.

Paul Doyle: The Italian welterweight, who is still ranked among the stars of his class.

Joe Gans: "The Old Master," considered by many as the greatest lightweight champion of them all.

Al Delmont: A bantam who was always near the top, but never quite achieved it. He was a star twenty years back.

Battling Nelson: "The Durable Dane"—the roughest and toughest of all lightweights. He boasted that no one could knock him out, but Owen Moran finally did it.

Benny Valger: "The French Flash," who, after years of comparative obscurity, is regarded as one of the best in the present lightweight elimination tournament.

Jack Twin Sullivan: One of the famous Boston twins. This bald-headed chap claimed the middleweight championship until beaten by Ketchel, while his brother Mike was claimant of the welterweight title.

Charley White: The Chicago veteran, who might have been lightweight champion had Benny Leonard not been on the scene.

Johnny Kilbane: A really great featherweight champion, but the most cautious of them all. He seldom defended his title and finally lost it to Eugene Criqui.

Young Erne: The greatest master of the six-round game the lightweight brigade ever had.

Benny Leonard: Paired with Joe Gans as the greatest of all lightweights. He would still be champion had he not retired for his mother's sake.

Jimmy Hanlon: "The Denver Cave Man," a chopping block, without Battling Nelson's winning ability.

Joe Walcott: "The Barbadoes Demon," a welterweight who thought nothing of beating the six footers.

Rocky Kansas: Once the pride of Buffalo.

Jack Dillon: A middleweight caveman. What a swell chance he would have among the big fellows today.

Pete Herman: A great bantam champion, who is now totally blind.

Jimmy Clabby: A middleweight who won great success here and in Australia.

Tommy Ryan: One of the masters of the middleweight brigade. A practically unbeatable fighter.

Willie Fitzgerald: A slugging contemporary of Leach Cross and Tommy Murphy.

"Boer" Unholz: A great fighter in Europe; a bust in America.

Jimmy Briggs: A busy lightweight who never won a title.

Willie Lewis: One of the wisest of the old welterweights, who is imparting his wisdom to the new generation.

Johnny Thompson: "The Sycamore Cyclone," who fought Battling Nelson and other stars as a lightweight, and then grew into the middleweight class, where he met them all, including Billy Papke.

Young Peter Jackson: A great negro light heavyweight.

JACK O'BRIEN: "Philadelphia Jack," one of the cleverest of all light heavyweights.

Joe Jeannette: A fine negro heavyweight, who did an "act" with Sam Langford.

Leach Cross: First of the ring's "business men."

Mike Gibbons: A marvel of cleverness.

Eddie McGoorty: Who had greater success in Australia than he had here.

Ad Wolgast, a Nelson-Hanlon type, who won the lightweight championship of the world, and is now mentally helpless.

Kid Goodman: One of the lightweight trial-horses twenty years ago.

	Bouts	Rounds	Bouts, 20 rds. or Over	Longest Fight
Abe the Newsboy	1039	7416	10	25
Kid Beebe	718	4829	2	20
*Johnny Dundee	305	2818	10	25
*Jack Britton	280	2415	3	20
*Ted Kid Lewis	221	2153	17	20
Jackie Clarke	219	1961	0	15
*Harry Greb	224	1864	1	20
Matty Baldwin	201	1860	5	25
Mel Coogan	185	1718	1	20
*Abe Attell	201	1704	16	25
Johnny Alberts	232	1670	0	15
*Battling Levinsky	214	1625	5	25
*Freddy Welsh	164	1613	12	25
*Kid Williams	190	1611	3	20
*George Dixon	212	1527	31	70
Jeff Smith	178	1511	7	20
Pal Moore	185	1472	3	20
Sam Langford	173	1458	12	25
Dutch Brandt	202	1417	0	15
Mike Donovan	142	1414	18	25
Paul Doyle	167	1404	0	15
*Joe Gans	154	1396	18	42
Al Delmont	162	1367	1	20
*Battling Nelson	161	1364	9	42
Benny Valgar	165	1361	0	15
Jack Twin Sullivan	132	1346	15	25
Charley White	181	1328	2	20
*Johnny Kilbane	139	1320	6	25
Young Erne	211	1312	3	20
*Benny Leonard	200	1306	0	15
Jimmy Hanlon	150	1305	3	20
*Joe Walcott	162	1304	15	25
Rocky Kansas	151	1300	0	15
Jack Dillon	173	1281	4	20
*Pete Herman	132	1279	6	20
Jimmy Clabby	143	1217	18	20
*Tommy Ryan	126	1207	9	76
Willie Fitzgerald	144	1170	9	25
Boer Unholz	106	1166	16	25
Jimmy Briggs	165	1166	1	20
*Jack O'Brien	186	1155	5	20
Joe Jeannette	151	1143	7	49
Willie Lewis	161	1126	9	25
Cyclone Johnny Thompson	151	1135	14	20
Young Peter Jackson	120	1111	15	21
Leach Cross	146	1105	5	41
Mike Gibbons	135	1101	0	15
Eddie McGoorty	131	1088	7	20
*Ad Wolgast	131	1056	4	40
Kid Goodman	135	1055	6	20

*Champions.

My Hardest Fight

Gunboat Smith's Occipital Punch Came Near Ruining Dempsey's Ring Career

By JACK DEMPSEY
(World's Heavyweight Champion)

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ON one of my last visits to New York City, April 29, 1924, to be exact, I got a genuine thrill. I was escorting Miss Estelle Taylor, then my fiance, to Madison Square Garden as a guest of Tex Rickard, for the Olympic Games Fund bouts.

I had turned into Madison Avenue from Twenty-sixth Street and approaching one of several box office cubby holes, my eyes fell on a towering individual and I couldn't help but recognize him instantly.

"Estelle, there's the man who gave me my hardest fight," I said to my sweetheart. "His name is Gunboat Smith."

I excused myself for a second to greet the Gunner. He was commanding the customers to get in line for their tickets. "Is this your new job?" I inquired. The Gunner was almost knocked off his feet when he saw me. "Yes, Jack," he replied, "and it's pretty good. Better than loafing."

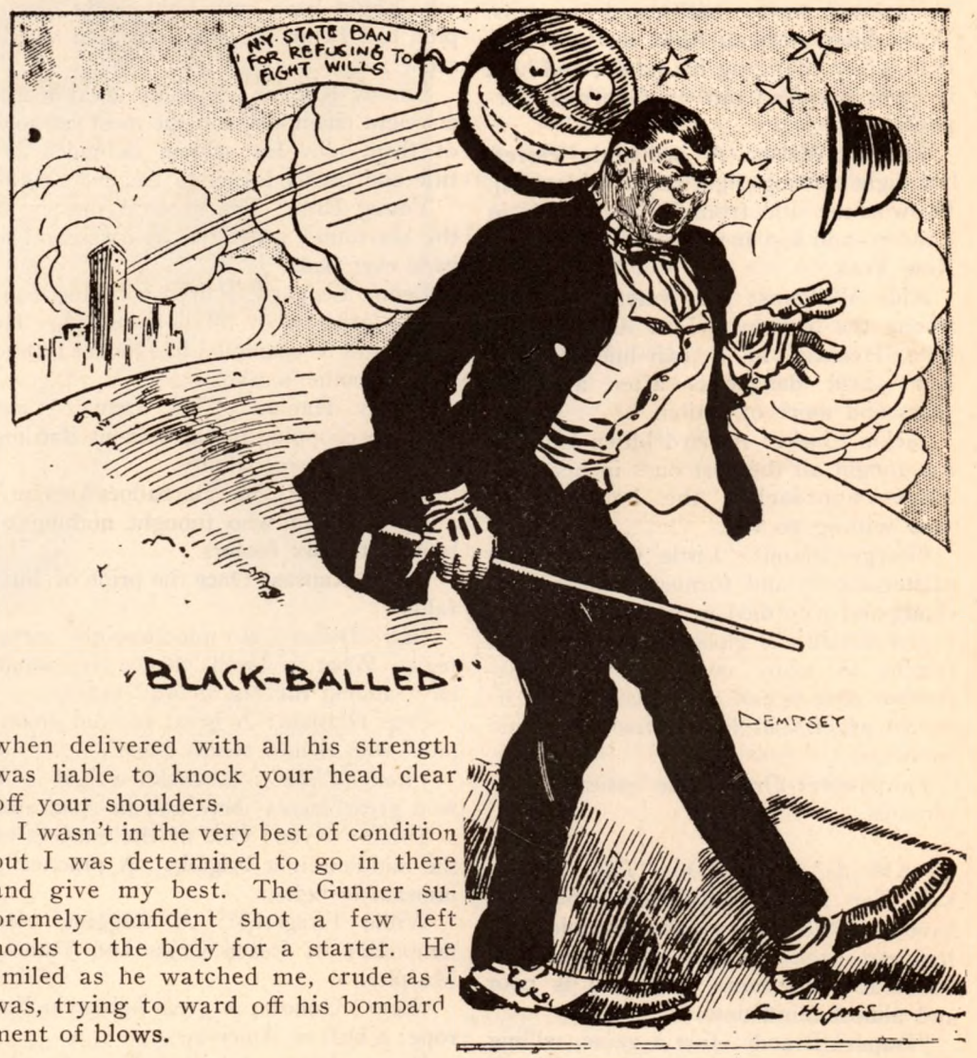
Back in 1917 in a four round contest held in San Francisco, the Gunboat nearly sunk me. A one-two punch delivered under the heart in the second session caused me to gasp for air, and had he followed me up the chances are I'd never been heard of again, but luckily I was allowed to catch my second wind.

But not for long. Here comes the funny part of the whole story. Perhaps a few seconds elapsed between the time he got in his one-two and started another punch. They told me afterwards that the Gunner picked up something off the floor and released it with all his might. It was described as the occipital blow. I saw the thing coming but I just couldn't get out of its way.

The punch landed in back of my neck. The impact caused my legs to tremble and that's all I remember until half an hour after the fight when I found myself reposing on a pillow on a board slab.

I HAD just fought Bob McAllister and I thought I was a pretty good fighter. But the Gunner taught me a lesson. Spider Kelly was in my corner in addition to Doc Kearns. The Gunner had come West from a hard campaign spent in New York. He had just fought Frank Moran in Madison Square Garden.

Apparently Kearns wanted to put me to the acid test matching me with the Gunner. He figured the time had almost arrived when I should match my speed and punch against some of the topnotchers. The Gunner was told when he arrived on the coast that I was a chump and that he'd have little or no trouble knocking me off. I had read and heard all about his occipital punch, a blow around the neck which when delivered with all his strength was liable to knock your head clear off your shoulders.



I wasn't in the very best of condition but I was determined to go in there and give my best. The Gunner supremely confident shot a few left hooks to the body for a starter. He smiled as he watched me, crude as I was, trying to ward off his bombardment of blows.

HIS first one-two punch was a terrible blow. They told me afterwards that I dropped my arms and was ready for the undertaker. As a matter of fact, I don't know to this day how in the world I was able to stand on my pins.

In the fourth round he let fly another one-two and again I was out to all intents and purposes. But the Spider, the greatest second that ever handled a man, buffaloed the Gunner by talking him out of sending the finishing crusher to the jaw.

Here I was a kid fighting on my nerve. Doc and Spider knew I was all in but they managed to keep that angle away from the Gunner's corner. They said that the good Lord was with me that night because the Gunner tried his hardest to knock me off. The fighting instinct in me, however, came to the rescue time and again. And most important the newspapers the next day agreed me as the winner. You can imagine my feelings when I read that wonderful lot of stuff the next day. Incidentally that spurred me on to greater deeds.

I WEIGHED 185 to the Gunner's 169. There was a large crowd present. The little betting favored Smith. He was very well known.

All I can describe is the first two

(*Continued on page* 9)

Just An Earful

By TAD

(World Famous Cartoonist and Sports Writer of New York Evening Journal—Used by Permission)

Ordered Him to Move On

JIM CORBETT, working for a movie, had to play in a scene set for Broadway, and Forty-fifth Street. Jim was to drive his car and hit a man. The camera was set in an office building two flights up so that no one on the street except Jim and his man knew of it.

The movie men wanted it that way so that a real crowd would rush out and make it look natural.

At a given sign Corbett started with his car and the other fellow started to cross the street. Bang! Corbett's

car hit him, the fellow fell and let out a yelp.

A mob rushed over to the auto, and with them came a big cop. He rushed through the mob, grabbed the fallen man, and seeing that he was not dead, turned his attention to the car.

The fallen guy was moaning and making all sorts of noises to hold the crowd. They were excited, too, and stayed right on the spot, making it great for the movie men, who were churning to beat the band.

The cop, in order to make himself important, then pushed his way out of the crowd, reached for a little red book in his pocket and walked over toward the car. He was just ready to slip our hero a summons for reckless driving when he looked up and recognized Corbett.

He suddenly turned his head toward the mob, and seeing that no one was wise, winked at Corbett and gave him the nod to beat it up the street.

Never Saw Him Before

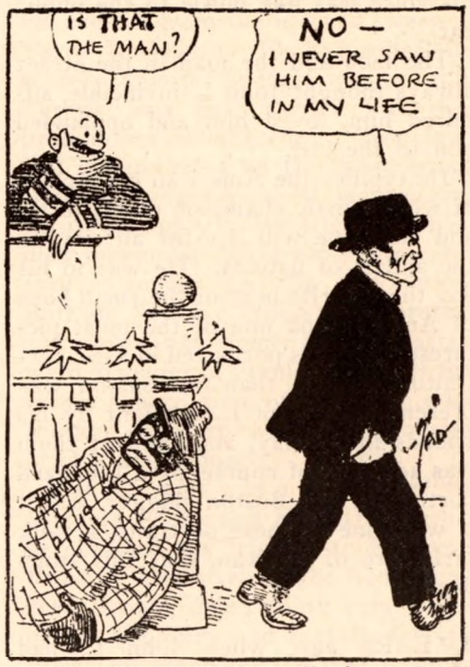
HARRY TUTHILL took Mysterious Billy Smith up to Boston for a fight some years ago and that was some job if you remember what a mussy person Mysterious Will was.

Harry took the first day off to find Bill training quarters and while Harry was away Bill got into a muss with a colored sport and was slashed on the leg with a razor.

After quite a run the cops caught the slasher and brought him to the police station. Smith had to identify the man first before charges could be placed against him, so they rushed over to Smith's hotel and brought him back to the station house.

The lieutenant at the desk mitted Smith, then ordered the colored carver brought forth from the coop. He stood before the desk. Smith was on the other side of the room.

"Is this the man who cut you with a razor, Mr. Smith," asked the lieutenant with a stern look.



Mysterious Will walked over to where the dusky demon stood, hauled off and knocked the latter flat with a right on the puss.

"Is that the man," asked the lieutenant again.

"No." barked the mysterious one. "I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE."

My Hardest Fight

(Continued from page 8)

rounds. I wasn't speedy then and I couldn't punch half as hard as I can now. But I knew a little about boxing and my style puzzled my opponent.

When the Gunner put over his first one-two I remember seeing the punch come over but that's all. The fierceness of the blow can be appreciated by the fact that it almost lifted me off the floor. I could hear the birdies chirp and the place looked as dark as a coal mine.

After the fight the Gunner approached me in the dressing room and paid me this wonderful compliment:

"Kid, you're there; you're the gamest I ever met and I have fought loads of big fellows. You can't miss making good. I don't know if you'll ever be a champion but if gameness is any criterion you have a very good chance to reach the top rung of the ladder. Only your fighting instinct saved you from being knocked out." Of course, those words tickled me silly.

Almost a year later I was matched with the Gunner again in Buffalo. In the meanwhile I had gained considerable confidence and learned how to deliver my punches, and I had speed to burn. I was an improved Dempsey when I faced the Gunner up-state.

Smith appreciated as early as the start of the second round that he was

(Continued on page 10)

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"A Portrait of John L."

By ADRIAN LISTINA

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was always a favorite with the masses, the most popular champion known to history, whose fame as a fighter, contrary to the general rule in such cases, was but little affected by his defeat. His spectacular style of doing and saying things always caught the public eye, while the thunderous bellow of his voice was like music to the public ear.

The mob and the man in the street always thought John L. invincible, admired him, loved him and applauded him to the last.

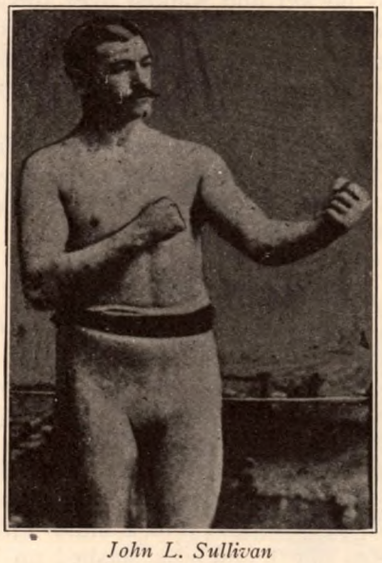
He typifies the American conception of what a fistic champion ought to be, and his name will live for all time in the annals of fistiana. He was in his day the favorite hero of the small boys of America and one of the most picturesque figures portrayed in fistic portraiture. More than one saloon was presented to John L. outright by his friends in his day, and each of them was adorned, of course, by a life-sized portrait of the Boston slugger, and it is with one of these portraits, a rank caricature of Sullivan, that this story deals.

YEARS ago, when John L. had been for many years an ex-champion and was with his partner, Thomas Allen, presiding over a Broadway cafe, he was a witness in a case against his partner, the suit being brought by a New York artist to secure payment of a fee of $125 from Mr. Allen, by whom he had been commissioned to paint the fighter's picture. Sullivan, who was not an early riser in those days, did not wish to figure in the proceedings at all, and it required considerable persuasion on the part of Mr. Allen to get him into court.

The artist in this case, it seems, was a somewhat squeamish individual, not in sympathy with his subject, who, after promising to give "Sully" a sitting on a certain date, deliberately absented himself from his studio, rushing hurriedly down the back stairs with a scared look on his face as the ex-champion and his partner presented themselves at the door.

The artist, who was too delicately organized to meet the man of muscle, sent his son, according to his testimony, to look at Sullivan and report the color of his eyes, hair and mustache, and, with this scant, second-hand information and several portraits of John L., some in ring costume and others in evening dress, he sought to portray "The Boston Strong Boy" for the walls of his New York cafe.

AS might have been anticipated, the result was a most dismal failure, over which a real artist would not know whether to laugh, or weep or pray. When it was finished Mr. Allen said the picture did not look like Sullivan. John L. said so, too, and then the artist brought suit.



John L. Sullivan

Sullivan was the observed of all observers when with fire in his eye, he drove to court and took the stand. The court clerk asked his name and got a look of utter scorn from the Boston bruiser. "Say," said John L., "I could paint a better picture of myself with my feet than that fellow did." This brought the plaintiff's counsel to his feet in an instant with an objection, but Sullivan swept grandly on.

"Say," he cried again, "he had me in a dress suit, with a diamond as big as a cobblestone in me shirt front. Did you ever see a gent dressed like that?" appealing to reporters and the court, alike . . . "and my hands, say, look at them hands," pointing to the long, slim fingers that reposed on a marble topped table, "Do them hands look like that ham?" holding up his enormous fist for inspection.

"Do them hands look as if they had ever kncoked out four men in a night? Why they look as if they belonged to a dude. The whole thing makes me tired. It's rotten, that's what it is."

The plaintiff's counsel objected and the court sustained him. Sullivan was asked to vacate the witness chair to give an expert a chance to say what "John L." already had told the jury.

"I knew it was agin evidence," Sullivan continued in the corridor of the court house, "but I got in my rap before they could duck, see?"

"Say, if they'd have given me the chance I'd have made the whole lot of them look like thirty cents. Imagine a duck making me, in a dress suit, look as if I was stepping into a ring and a diamond in me shirt front as big as a headlight. And them hands!

"That looks a h——l of a lot like John L., don't it," he roared. "That picture never gets in my place, that's flat. Why, it makes me look like a holy show!"

When the case went to the jury it was finally decided that the artist had not done credit to "John L." and he won his case.

MY HARDEST FIGHT

(*Continued from page* 9)

facing an improved fighter and not the dub I was the night he fought me in 'Frisco. A short right hand punch paralyzed his spine and then all I had to do was to cross another right to the jaw and he fell to the resin floor as if shot.

AFTER he came to, Smith again asked for a chat. He said among other things: "What did I tell you, eh? You can't miss being a champ. You've learned to hit and boy, oh boy, what a kick you have in both hands. Tell Kearns to let you fight any and everybody because it's in you to reach the big goal. If I were managing you I'd match you with Jess Willard tomorrow. When you fight the giant I'll have a big, sweet bet on you. You're the next champ and don't let them tell you otherwise."

Smith's words encouraged me more than anything else for I was determined to make good and make his statements stand up.

But as long as I live I shall never forget the driving power behind the two one-two punches he hit me with in that 'Frisco four-rounder, with the occipital theory thrown in for good measure.

Prospectors In Socks

By FRANK GRAHAM

ATTENTION frequently has been called to the faults of the managers of pugilists, but none has laid stress on their greatest virtue, which is persistency. The prospector for gold who toiled with pick and pan in the face of starvation itself because he would not be discouraged by his fruitless quest for a pay streak had nothing on these prospectors for flesh and sinew of the sort that is called championship timber. Most of them are hard pressed for money most of the time. Many frequently are penniless, but none thinks of turning to another field wherein to earn his living. Another month, another week, even another day may bring to any of them another Dempsey. And so they string along, day after day, week after week, month after month.

They haunt the gymnasiums and the smaller clubs, watching with hopeful eyes the constant flow of youth to the ring. They bargain and scheme and plan and plot to get this boy of that, too often to discover their schemings have been in vain and their boy a flash in the pan. Sometimes they come upon genuine champions in the making and, having given of their time, their patience and their slender resources, they are shunted aside by their ungrateful charges. Many a tale has been told—and many a true one, too—of managers avaricious in their dealings with boxers, but every now and then a manager who has been absolutely on the level with his boy is repaid by seeing the boy break away from him and cleave to another.

Let a manager once find a winner and he is bound to the business of managing forever after. He will tell you that, in spite of the old saw about lightning never striking twice in the same place, he is confident of a recurrence of his former success.

Charlie Harvey, who has been in the boxing game for years and who specializes in British glovemen, is one of these.

"There is nobody in England worth while now," he says, "but I keep on trying for I may get another Owen Moran or Jem Driscoll. I had them both at one time and made some money with them. If I had either one of them now I could make a fortune. As far as I know, in gleaning the British market in the last fifteen or eighteen years, I have made only one costly mistake. That was when I passed up Jimmy Wilde on the ground that he was too small to be of use over here. That was true at the time and I couldn't peer into the future and see the chain of circumstances that caused him to be of tremendous value later on."

"Once I quit this racket for a while and sold cloaks and suits," says Lew Raymond. "My commissions were large, my route was pleasant and I had no worries, but I gave it up and came back to boxing. Now my hours are uncertain and my profits are as uncertain as my hours. Sometimes I am flush and sometimes I sit in my office and wonder when I'll get my hands on a few yellowbacks again, but I hold on because some day I may get a heavyweight champion. A Jewish or an Italian boy, for instance, who could win the heavyweight title would make me rich for life."

Sam Wallach had just been admitted to the bar when his brother, Leach Cross, who was a fledgling dentist, began to attract attention at the smaller clubs that dotted the city during the old "membership" days. Sam realized the potential wealth that lay in Leach's gloves and gave his attention not to the law but to the interests of his hard-hitting brother. First of the long line of popular Jewish lightweights that extends through Benny Leonard down to Sid Terris, Leach cleaned up and so did Sam.

The results of the clean-up was that Sam, though an able lawyer, never has taken the bar as seriously as he would have if he hadn't had a brother who could fight. After Leach came Phil and Marty and Monte and after these a succession of fighters outside the family but there has never been another Leach. Still, Sam goes along with them, his hopes as bright as they were when Leach hung up for the last time the gloves that were spattered with gold.

The history of managers who have piloted their proteges to world championships or so close to them that they have shared in enormous purses is encouraging to those who would do likewise. William A. Brady's rise to a fortune began with his sponsorship of James J. Corbett. Brady, then a young fellow whom nobody knew, had nothing but his enterprise and his belief in Corbett, and when he announced he had a man who could defeat the great John L. Sullivan, he was laughed at.

He clung to his belief and his fighter and his turn to laugh came that day at New Orleans in 1892 when Corbett battered the Old Roman into helplessness. Later Brady guided James J. Jeffries to victory over Bob Fitzsimmons, who had wrested the title from Corbett, but manoeuvering Jeff into this match was a task that frequently taxed Brady's optimism and finances.

Sam Harris dates the beginning of his success from the upward sweep of Terry McGovern. He had toiled obscurely and for meagre wages until Terry's fists first carried him into prominence and affluence. "Iron Jaw" Bill Nolan, rated as the most sensational of managers until Jack Kearns thrust Dempsey to the front, had handled numerous unknown fighters before chancing on the redoubtable Battling Nelson. Willus Britt, brother and manager of Jimmy Britt and afterward manager of Stanley Ketchell, had rather a hard time of it until his kid brother grew up with an abundance of skill and a punch.

Dan Morgan was a satellite of the partners Pollok and McKettrick when he obtained the "rights" to Knockout Brown. McKettrick, who had discovered Brown, didn't think very highly of his discovery and literally left the little Dutchman on the pier when he sailed on one of his several visits to Paris. Morgan had gone to the pier to see him off and as he was about to board the ship, McKettrick turned to him and said:

"Dan, you can have that kid, Brown, if you want him. He's no good to me, but you may be able to do something with him."

Brown was just a preliminary boy, but Morgan, as shrewd as he was talkative, made a small fortune for both of them, though Brown never reached the top of the lightweight heap.

Billy Gibson, promoter, cafe owner, follower of form at the race tracks, accumulated and lost several sizeable bank rolls since he assumed the management of Benny Leonard. Gibson was operating the Fairmont Athletic Club in the Bronx in those days and Leonard fought his way to his attention in the Saturday night shows at that club. Benny was a skinny, pale-faced kid, but Gibson was smart enough to se in him the makings of a great fighter. Thus, of all the endless

(Continued on page 13)

When Ruffianism Ruled Politics and the Ring

By AL SPINK

(This Is the Seventh Article in the Series "Reminiscences of a Veteran Sportsman".)

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RUFFIANISM and politics went hand in hand in the days immediately preceding and following our great Civil War. There was scarcely an election of importance in the northern, eastern and middle western states that could brag of being carried on without the aid of a gang of ruffians whose gun play and fists insured the election for the party employing these gangsters. Gangsters seemed to be a necessary adjunct to politics and the shrewd politician went to the field of fistiana for his aid. It was an unwritten law among these gangs that guns and knives were not to be used unless absolutely necessary. All arguments were settled with the fists.

One of the worst spots in the country in the early sixties was St. Louis. A gang of bare knuckle fighters who terrorized the inhabitants flourished and these roughnecks dominated the polls at each election. The boys who could fight well were taken care of by politicians and each politician saw to it that no stone was left unturned in garnering the heftiest bruisers in the country for service in St. Louis.

The leader of the St. Louis fight crowd in those days in the Mound City was Jack Looney, who had won his place at the top by fighting fierce bare fist battles on the turf.

The fight world at large credited Looney with having won the fiercest fight ever fought with the bare hands. On that occasion Looney's opponent was Jim Coburn, a brother of Joe Coburn, who later was known as New York's best bare handed fighter.

At the time Coburn and Looney met, fists ruled in politics in St. Louis as well as in New York, and Jim Coburn had his fighting gang in the big eastern city just as Looney had his in Missouri. With his nerve, his stout arms and hard fists, Looney ran things in the western city to suit himself until one day the other side sent an S O S call to New York. In response, Jim Coburn, a brother of the notorious Joe, accompanied by a select gathering of bad men, hurried to St. Louis.

There were fist fights galore at the general election and both sides claimed a victory. To settle the whole business Coburn challenged Looney to a contest under the old London prize ring rules with bare fists and all that sort of thing.

Just to make matters more interesting, each side put up $50, and for this stake and the championship of St. Louis they went at it.

The ring was pitched near the Wedge House, now a little way from the St. Louis Union Station, but at that time well out on the prairie. It was a frightfully hot day and the sun scoarched the contestants, seconds and all. The battle started at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and when night came, Jack had proven as good as his master. They had gone seventy rounds, and then, on account of darkness, the referee suggested they postpone further action until the following day.

When the crowd gathered the next day there was a controversy over the referee.

Coburn objected to Val McKinney, who had officiated the previous day, hoping that his objection would result in a wrangle and the calling off of further hostilities.

But Looney offered to let any one referee, and when Coburn saw that Jack was determined to fight it out to a finish, he said to the stakeholder:

"I'll admit Looney is the better man. Give him the money."

The stakeholder handed Jack the $100, and thus ended a fight which oldtimers for years afterward claimed was the fiercest ever fought for either a big or little prize. The fierceness of the vicious battle and the verdict which went to Looney, made him a hero in both the pugilistic and the political world. After it Looney started a theatre in St. Louis, known as Looney's Varieties, where he sat on a sort of throne while fighters of high and low degree, and men in search of political honors, paid their homage to him.

It was Looney who brought Jem Mace and Tom Allen, the great English fighters, to St. Louis to whip Mike McCoole, who was Looney's greatest rival in the Mound City at the time. It was Looney, also, who promised to run McCoole out of town and who kept his word.

Just at this time we old sports of today were having a harder row to hoe than you young fellows are having in these happy days of in and outdoor fighting with the big gloves.

We had no boxing matches indoors, no comfortable seats around the ring or anything that your modern sport provides.

In those olden days when we arranged for a battle between skilled boxers who fought then with their bare fists, we flew in the face of the authorities and took a chance of landing in jail.

My first recollection of a championship battle harks back to more than fifty years ago when I went to Omaha to see the meeting for the championship of the world between Tom Allen and Ben Hogan.

It was a real world's championship battle, for Allen had become champion by claiming the title after Jem Mace, the acknowledged champion, had retired and by holding it in fights with Joe Goss and Mike McCoole.

Allen was born in Birmingham, England, in 1840, and first came into prominence when, in 1870, he fought Jem Mace for the championship of England.

ANOTHER BIG FEATURE

THE RING, in an effort to give its thousands of readers the best stories on present-day and old-time fighters, has added to its capable list of contributers Tim McGrath, of Los Angeles, veteran trainer, promoter and writer of boxing.

The American ring has never had a more picturesque character than Tim McGrath and his writings, which will appear exclusively in THE RING this year are certain to meet with favor.

McGrath brought out the great Tom Sharkey, and managed the sailor-pugilist. McGrath also seconded Jim Jeffries, Bob Armstrong and other notable battlers.

After his defeat by Mace he came to this country, and at St. Louis he became famous by defeating the giant Mike McCoole, Charley Gallagher and other of the great pugilists of that day.

It was when Allen had reached the very top of the pugilisitic ladder that Ben Hogan, then of Omaha, sent him a challenge, which Allen accepted, and one night, with Allen, Looney and a big St. Louis crowd, I set out for Omaha.

It was an all-night scramble out of Omaha to reach the battleground, the ring being pitched near Council Bluffs, Iowa, and just beyond the jurisdiction of the Nebraska authorities.

Assembled about the roped inclosure was as fine a gathering as ever scuttled a ship.

Hogan had brought with him the toughest lot of rowdies he could get together in Omaha. He openly declared his intention of winning the fight any old way.

But Hogan had not counted on the mob from St. Louis, led by Looney, the man eater, and his two-gun crew prepared for any emergency.

So well were the St. Louis representatives able to hold their own with the Hogan gang from Omaha that at the very first clash at the ringside the St. Louis boys were easily able to install Looney as chief arbiter and referee.

The selection of Looney as referee was first blood for the Allen mob. The Hogan men were furious, for they had counted on selecting a referee who would give them the fight whether Hogan won it fairly or not.

When time was called Allen went at his opponent like a greyhound released from the leash. He pounded Hogan all over the ring.

At the close of the very first round there was a commotion in Hogan's corner. He was evidently instructing his henchmen what to do, for before the start of the second round a bunch of Hogan's rowdies broke into the ring and their leader, pointing a revolver at the referee's head, shouted:

"Give us the decision or I'll kill you!"

Any other man in the world would have weakened, perhaps, but Looney, who had often faced a gun, smiled at the intruder and shouted back:

"I've got too much good sense!"

Looney's nerve saved the day. Instead of breaking up the fight, it continued until Allen had won fairly and squarely and was given the decision. After the fight Looney marshaled his forces and led them back to Omaha without a shot being fired or a man injured. But for his nerve, there is no telling what might have happened.

It was on the return of Looney and his gang to St. Louis from Omaha that the former planned to put Tom Allen out of business, for Allen, having beaten Mike McCoole, was flying high and ignoring Looney who had really brought him to St. Louis and given him his start in this country.

And so this time when it happened that Allen was trimming Gallagher nicely the Looney followers jumped into the ring and, surrounding Referee Val McKinney, ordered him to declare Gallagher a winner on a foul.

McKinney, fearing for his life, begged to be excused, promising to render a fair and impartial decision in the newspapers the next day.

It was well he did this, for all the way back to St. Louis on the steamer there was rough and tumble fighting and McKinney would have been killed had he rendered any sort of a decision beforehand. As it was, instead of killing the referee, both sides catered to him in the hope that he would render a verdict for their man the next day.

Subsequent events, however, proved that McKinney was cocked and primed to stand by the Gallagher side and Looney. The day following the fight, despite Allen's proved superiority, McKinney rendered a decision in Gallagher's favor on the ground that he had fouled his opponent. Subsequently Allen became wise again and returned to the Looney camp.

Just such a battle at the ringside as the Gallagher-Allen took place when Tom Jennings and Bill Blake fought in the '70s.

Blake, known as "Dublin Tricks," was famed as a second of prize fighters. He had trained McCoole for all his fights. Jennings was now a friend and hanger-on of the Looney-Allen camp.

It was because of this relationship that a battle between Blake and Jennings was arranged. The stake was $100 a side, and Gabriel Island, near St. Louis, was selected as the battleground.

There were many fights on the steamer which carried the principals and their followers, and much bad blood was engendered. At the ringside there was nearly a battle over the referee, for the Blake followers were peeved when Fred Watkins, a Jennings man was chosen.

Early in the game it was discovered that Jennings was the better man, Blake, seeing that he was beaten, resorted to every trick and device to discourage his opponent.

In the ninth round Blake, in despair, ignored the rules, and, catching his adversary by the right leg, threw him. A cry of foul was raised. Several men with drawn revolvers entered the ring and called on Watkins to give the fight to Jennings or give up the ghost. Watkins, although friendly to the Jennings side, ordered the men to fight on, knowing in his heart, perhaps, that Jennings was sure to come out on top.

That the referee was right in his contention was proved in the twelfth round, when Blake refused to toe the scratch and Jennings was declared the winner.

This was the first prize fight ever reported for a St. Louis newspaper, and I had the task of reporting it. Previous to that time the newspapers had looked on prize fighting as criminal. They did not recognize it as a sport and gave it no mention except as a piece of criminal news and without mentioning who had won or lost the contest.

(*To be continued*)

PROSPECTORS IN SOCKS

(*Continued from page* 11)

ranks of fighters who passed through the club, it was Benny on whom Gibson pinned his hopes.

Kearns had dabbled with fighters of the Dick Hyland and Red Watson type —together wtih others who were a whole lot worse—and was far from prosperous when he induced Dempsey, whom he found in a fit of discouragement over his failure to get anywhere, to return to the ring. Under Kearns's careful guidance, Dempsey began to pay strict attention to the business of socking and his progress became rapid. This pair have reaped a harvest once undreamed of by the greatest fighters and will reap a larger one before they are through.

Frank "Doc" Bagley had a group of mediocre fighters in his stable and had known neither fame nor fortune when he pitted one of his boys named Willie Jackson against Johnny Dundee in Philadelphia one night in 1917. Jackson knocked Dundee out in the first round and overnight Bagley shared jointly with Jackson in tremendous gate receipts.

And so, with Kearns and Gibson and Morgan and the rest in mind, the down-at-the-heel managers refuse to be swayed from their quest, though for almost all of them the quest will end in disappointment and despair.

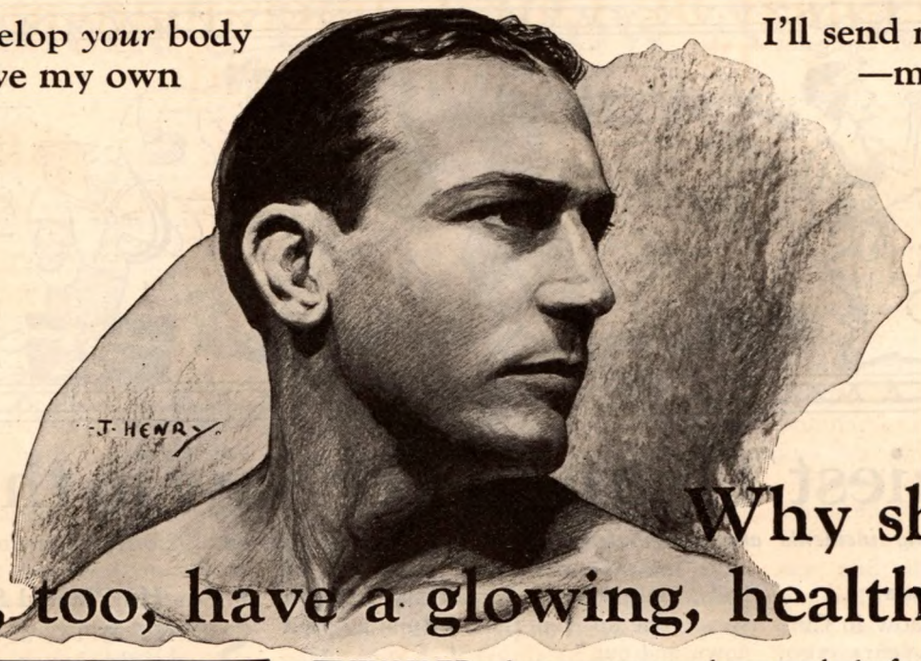
Snapped by Our Cameraman in a Tour of the World

Pacific & Atlantic Photos

1—Charley (Phil) Rosenberg raising Cannonball Eddie Martin's head with a left jab. 2—Not to be outdone by Jack Dempsey and his European monocle, George Godfrey, the Leiperville negro, bedecked himself with one in California. 3—A deposed champion — Cannonball Eddie Martin. 4—The Tallest Fighter in Captivity—Ralph Smith, of Los Angeles, who is 6 feet 7 inches in height. 5—New bantam champion, Phil Rosenberg, and his happy mother. 6—Benny Leonard in a new role. He is here shown sitting at his desk in his new physical culture school. 7—Vic Foley, crack Canadian bantam.

I'll develop *your* body as I have my own

I'll send my free booklet —mail the coupon!



Why shouldn't you, too, have a glowing, healthy body?

The World's Opinion of BENNY LEONARD

Charles M. Schwab: "I congratulate the champion on his life and achievements; the younger fellows coming along might well emulate his example."

Theodore Roosevelt: "He is a real champion. He has fought clean and hard and that is the kind of fighting we want."

"Big" Bill Edwards: "He is a clean, red-blooded American thoroughbred. Leonard's position in the boxing world was a thousand per cent clean; he stands as a high example to young America."

Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia: "I want to pay tribute to one of the greatest athletes of our time. My advice to red-blooded young Americans would be to emulate the career of Benny Leonard, whose love for his Mother and his family, whose clean record as a boxer and whose gentlemanly conduct have endeared him to the sporting lovers of America."

Grantland Rice in N. Y. Tribune: "Leonard is well equipped physically. He has mixed brains and skill and by clean living has taken and holds his place as champion."

Robert Edgren in N. Y. World: "Benny Leonard has proved himself greatest of all boxers and fighting men I have ever seen. He is a remarkable study in coolness, confidence, fighting brains, hitting ability and speed."

Billy Stepp in Portland (Ore.) News: "The greatest lightweight champion the world has ever known."

Johnny Kilbane, Featherweight Champion of the World, after his defeat by Leonard, said: "Benny Leonard is the greatest fighter I have ever fought."

James J. Corbett, Former Heavyweight Champion, said: "Benny Leonard is the greatest living lightweight boxer. He is the finest example of what clean living and proper training mean to a man."

I WONDER why so many people think that only athletes are supposed to keep in good physical condition. Why shouldn't YOU—whatever or whoever you may be—have the blessings that go with a glowing, healthy body? If your work keeps you confined indoors—or if it doesn't give you the chance to exercise your muscles and limbs properly, you are unknowingly bringing on untold ailments; you are making a pitiable, flabby weakling of yourself.

Do You Feel Peppy?

Right this minute stop to analyze your condition. Do you feel bright and strong and sparkling; have you that springy step, that clear eye, that keen, peppy ambition that only a sound, singing body can furnish? If you haven't—you and I are going to become better acquainted right away. For I have been making a very scientific study of the human body, both through experimental work with myself and through a painstaking study through books by the greatest authorities.

I've Trained Thousands

As you may know, I trained my own body from a frail, "skinny" lad to physical supremacy that won the lightweight championship of the world. I also trained thousands of American men in the Army during the World War. As a result of all this, I have developed a system of physical culture that every man, woman and child in this country can use in the privacy of their own homes with much profit to themselves.

Personal Attention to Everyone

I study each person's individual condition and adapt my methods to your own requirements. My system is unique—there is nothing else like it. It eliminates all possible harm of over-exercise. If you value feeling fit, if you want to make good in your present occupation or avocation, you should begin at once a regular system of home training under my personal instruction. I'll send you my book that tells you all about it—it's FREE—send for it NOW—this minute.

Benny Leonard

Undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET—USE COUPON

"Now I Can Tell You" is my booklet; it's filled with interesting reading. It has dozens of photographs and accounts which you have never read before. Whether you are a boxing fan or not, or a physical culture "bug" or not, you'll find the booklet well worth sending for. I'll send it to you, FREE, just mail me the coupon printed here for your convenience and the book is yours. Don't put it off, send it NOW—while it's on your mind.

BENNY LEONARD
123 West 31st St., [Dept. 10B] New York, N. Y.

Sounds to me that your booklet, entitled "Now I Can Tell You" must contain some mighty interesting reading matter. Will you please send me a copy? I enclose 10c [either stamps or coin] to help cover costs of getting this book out and sending it. There's no obligation.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

BENNY LEONARD'S HOME-COURSE FOR PROMOTING PHYSICAL FITNESS

Alfred Austin Adv. Agency, N.Y. C.

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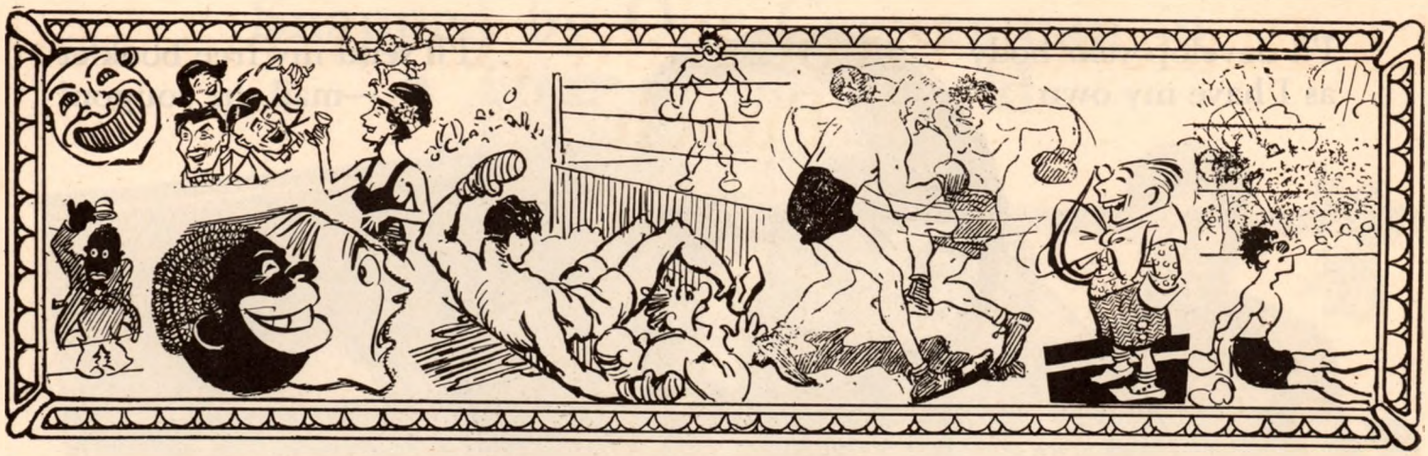

The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring

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The African Brigade

THERE was a fight show in Cincinnati some few years ago, with two mighty Africans enlisted in the semi-final, and a few minutes after the doors were opened the retinue of one sable battler turned up en masse at the pass-gate.

First, with majestic tread and lowering brow, in strode the fighter wrapped in a red and purple bath robe.

Then came an important negro with a silk hat, who was passed in as the champion's manager.

Next was a stocky coon in a green sweater—the head trainer. Four Africans in variegated costume filed past as seconds.

A little coon with a jockey cap then appeared, toting a pail of water. By this time the patience of the man on the gate was about exhausted, and, as still another black person started by, he grabbed him.

"Say, you," growled the guardian of the gate, "where do you come in on this party?"

"Me? Whah do Ah come in?" exclaimed the black one in an injured tone. "Why, man, ah's de most impohtant membah ob dis whole stable. Ah's de man what has charge of throwing up de sponge."—John J. McAfee, 305 Concord St., Lowell, Mass.

* * *

Got John L. Angry

OUT in Reno during the Jeffries-Johnson mix-up, a sportsman had a big boil behind the ear. One of the most solicitous persons in regard to that boil was John L. Sullivan. Every day he would examine it and his comforting remark was that "they always come in crops of twenty-two."

"I can remember," he said, "one fight that I had, and the other fellow, I've forgotten him now, kept poking at those boils. It made me so mad that finally I swung one up from the floor and he went down and out."

R. F. MULLEN.

Oakland, Cal.

* * *

Saved the Day for Ireland

A FEW years ago when Jem Roche was heavyweight king of Ireland, he entered into a bout with the negro, Frank Craig, "The Coffee Cooler." The battle took place in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day with, of course, an Irish referee.

Early in the fight Jem went down from a right to the jaw. The crowd of Irishmen went wild and for a few seconds it seemed that a riot would take place. The referee, faithful to the Emerald Isle, took one glance at the menacing situation, and saved the day by the following count:

"One—Get up Jem for the love of Ireland."

"Two—Get up and swing your left."

"Three—Don't disgrace your poor old father. Come on, get up."

"Four—You're not going to let a nigger beat you, Jem, are you?"

And so on until nine when up came Jem and to the surprise of Craig, Jem let swing a wild haymaker that dropped the Coffee Cooler with a thud. swarmed down to the ringside and cheers rented the air.

The referee, after a count of three saw that Craig was on the verge of rising hence finished the count as follows:

Four, five and ten, you're out.

Thus the referee saved Craig from possible death and saved the day for good old Ireland.

Kenneth F. Robertson, Addison Gardens, West Kensington, London, W., England.

He Wanted Some Help

STONY RITZ, a well-known lightweight boxer of Wheeling, several years ago, took on Mike Kearny of Huntington, West Virginia in a bout held at the Elks Auditorium, Wheeling, West Virginia. Stony took the bout on short notice and kind of under estimated Kearny's ability. Kearny was young and coming fast,—Stony was about at the end of his career. Stony did real well for several rounds and then all he had left was the old head work and his great heart to carry him through.

He was taking his minute's rest for the final round and it looked as though he would not answer the bell. Harry Clouse, ex-Sheriff of Wheeling, West Virginia, an old time boxer, jumped up into Stony's corner and said, "Stony is there anything I can do for you?" and Stony replied weakly, "Yes Harry, come on and fight this last round for me."

J. R. McMANUS.

532 High St., Wellsburg, W. Va.

* * *

It Was a Great 'Ol Feelin'

MEMPHIS KID GREEN, the colored middleweight, met Johnny Morris, the Twenty-sixth Division boxer in Boston some time ago at the Commercial Club and Morris, who was a terrific puncher, knocked the kid out.

In the dressing room after Green "recovered," he was asked by his manager if Morris hit hard. His reply was:

"Hit hard! Why, Bo, Mah ol' dad's been dead for seven years an' when that baby dun hit me, Ah could see ma dad so plain, Oh! Bo, it was a great ol' feelin'." COLMAN J. NEE.

Boston, Mass.

La Blanche's Pivot Blow An Accidental Punch

(An article recently appeared in a western paper in which the various blows used in boxing were described and the inventor of the punch named. In naming the "Pivot Blow" the writer declared that the punch was invented by George La Blanche, who used it on "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey after a carefully planned rehearsal. THE RING *has been asked to decide whether this was so in order to settle a dispute, and, accordingly, the editor has turned the matter over to A. D. Phillips, of* THE RING *editorial staff, who saw that fight and who has attended almost every bout of importance in this country since John L. fought Paddy Ryan. His reply is here published.—*EDITOR'S NOTE.)

By A. D. PHILLIPS

GEORGE LA BLANCHE, who is credited with inventing the pivot punch, was the lucky victim of circumstances, the coddled child of fate when he delivered that famous blow that knocked out Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. I was present at that fight and I think my opinion is shared by reports of the ringside critics who broadcasted the result of that bout. Almost all accounts show that La Blanche "invented" the blow quite by accident.

He was being badly beaten and was hanging onto the ropes, with his back to Dempsey when the tide turned. It was the thirty-second round and so one-sided a fight in favor of Dempsey, then the middleweight champion, that the spectators were making for the exits and La Blanche also was trying to find a spot through which he might crawl to avoid the incessant punching of Dempsey.

La Blanche grasped the rope and was dragging himself along, head hunched down into his chest to protect his chin. He was endeavoring to slip away or to gain time until he could recover from the blows he had received.

Dempsey came rushing in for a last assault and La Blanche, fearful that this last attack would batter him down, whirled with his right hand swinging backwards as if trying to brush his opponent away and flee. The swing caught Dempsey squarely on the chin and dropped him unconscious.

LA BLANCHE was more surprised, perhaps, than even the spectators who stood looking on in utter amazement. But La Blanche quickly took in the situation and stood back, smiling, nodding his head as if to say that he had worked a neat trick. And to the satisfaction of the crowd he successfully maintained this attitude.

His victory was not popular but was unquestioned. He would never give Dempsey, nor, for that matter, any man of real class, a chance for the title he had won, and so was deposed by popular opinion without ever making any real gain from his victory.

It was maintained then that he had invented the punch, had practiced it before entering the ring with Dempsey, and since then fight critics have generally accepted this version. They refer to La Blanche as the inventor of the "pivot blow." But there is plenty of evidence at hand that La Blanche swung that backhand punch merely to protect himself and meant it as a means of defense rather than one of offense. Later the blow was improved upon and fighters using it pivoted on their heel to get greater force behind the blow, which long since has been barred.

Corbett's Hitting Powers

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN)

THE recent announcement by James J. Corbett that he will retire from stage life at the end of this year, has revived the discussion regarding Corbett's hitting powers.

The impression is general that Jim Corbett, when heavyweight champion of the world, could not hit—that is, he could not punish with his blows. There were two men, however, who thought otherwise, despite the generally accepted version to the contrary. One of these was John L. Sullivan and the other was Bob Fitzsimmons. After Corbett had whipped him in New Orleans and had won the title, some one said to Sullivan:

"John, this fellow Corbett can't hit, although he can jab well and can cut his opponents."

"The hell he can't hit," cried John L. "He can hit so hard that you stop thinking for ten minutes after he lands. I can hit harder than he can," went on Sullivan, "but he can hit so often that it makes up for the difference."

Many years later, in fact after Corbett had lost the heavyweight title to Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Fitz was being ironed out in his dressing room. He was being congratulated by his friends but he refused to let any of them approach close enough to touch him. He had broken his right hand and was therefore unable to shake hands, and he declared that Corbett had hit him so hard about the body that his ribs were aching with pain.

"He has me so sore I can't breathe without it hurting," declared Fitz. Years and years after this Fitz still maintained that Corbett was a terrific hitter though he admitted that Gentleman Jim wasn't what he would term "a finisher."

Gentleman Jim Writes Book

CORBETT has written a most interesting book, "The Roar of the Crowd," the True Tale of the Rise and Fall of a champion in which historic boxing incidents, some of which have never before found their way into print, are told by Gentleman Jim.

Corbett became a prizefighter because, in spite of the genteel appearance and manner which earned him the nickname of "Gentleman Jim," he had a real calling to the ring. His father, a livery stable keeper in San Francisco, had hoped he would become a priest, and, that seeming unlikely, had secured him a place in a bank. A chance encounter with a school bully had shown him that he could whip boys twice his size, and this had encouraged him to go on boxing in amateur fashion.

Successful in this he turned professional and within a few years he gained the higher goal of a boxer, the world's heavyweight championship. Corbett, in a most interesting series of stories, tells of his great success in "The Roar of the Crowd" in a manner that keeps one absorbed from start to finish.

In "The Roar of the Crowd" we have the portrayal of a personality and an adventure so vividly set forth that even those who think the prize ring an abomination are likely to catch their breath, lean forward in their seats and join in the roar of the crowd: "Hit him, Jim! Hit him! Hit him in the slats!"

The book is a good one, full of sentiment and kindliness, and picturing the life of its time as many a more pretentious work has not.

New Bantam Champion a Pocket Edition of Jack Britton

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

JACK BRITTON reached the top rung of the welterweight ladder and ruled supreme over a long stretch of time because he had science to burn and knew when and how to hit. He was canny in the extreme.

The nearest example to Foxy Jack developed in New York in twenty years is Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, newly-crowned bantam king. His straight left jab, delivered with precision, helped him dethrone Eddie (Cannonball) Martin in fifteen terrific rounds in the Madison Square Garden ring on March 20 before 13,000 howling, cheering spectators.

Rosenberg is an improvement over three of his predecessors—Joe Lynch, Abie Goldstein and Martin—in that he has more gray matter and uses it to better advantage in the thick of the milling. Lynch used to throw science to the four winds under fire, while Goldie would back away and allow his opponent to score points on him. Martin was a rank sucker for a clever antagonist, as was clearly proven when the Cannonball staked his all against Rosey.

ROSENBERG climbed through the ropes looking more like a living skeleton than a man who was scheduled to do battle. Philly created a sensation eight hours before the first bell sounded when he scaled 116 pounds. That was adding insult to injury. It was feared from the time the match was first made that Rosenberg would have to cut off one of his legs to make the stipulated 118.

Harry (Champ) Segal, Rosey's manager, fooled 'em all by having his charge come in at such a low poundage. And to-day he is enjoying a big laugh at the expense of the managers of Martin, who wouldn't have dared consent to the bout had they known what was up Segal's sleeve.

Segal, it might be added, proved his ability as a first-class manager and second by the manner in which he ran the corner. He ordered Rosey to take it easy for the first three rounds so as to sample Eddie's best offerings. Martin got off to a good lead. Beginning the fifth Champ told Rosey he could start winging 'em. Philly responded by unloosening a barrage of left jabs to the face, with a few hooks thrown to the body for good measure.

Every Martin charge was repulsed in short order. The manner in which he handled the champion reminded us of Britton in his heyday. Rosenberg's scientific display was a treat for the eye.

IN spite of the fact that the wear and tear of battle might tell on him, Rosey grew stronger as the conflict raged. When the seventh stanza opened Philly tore after Martin, stopping him dead in his tracks with fresh volleys of lefts to face and midsection. About this time Rosey assumed the aggressive.

We figured victory was as good as in for Rosenberg before the eleventh came around. In fact, the writer arose from his seat at this juncture and walked to Rosenberg's dressing room in order to be first on hand to greet him.

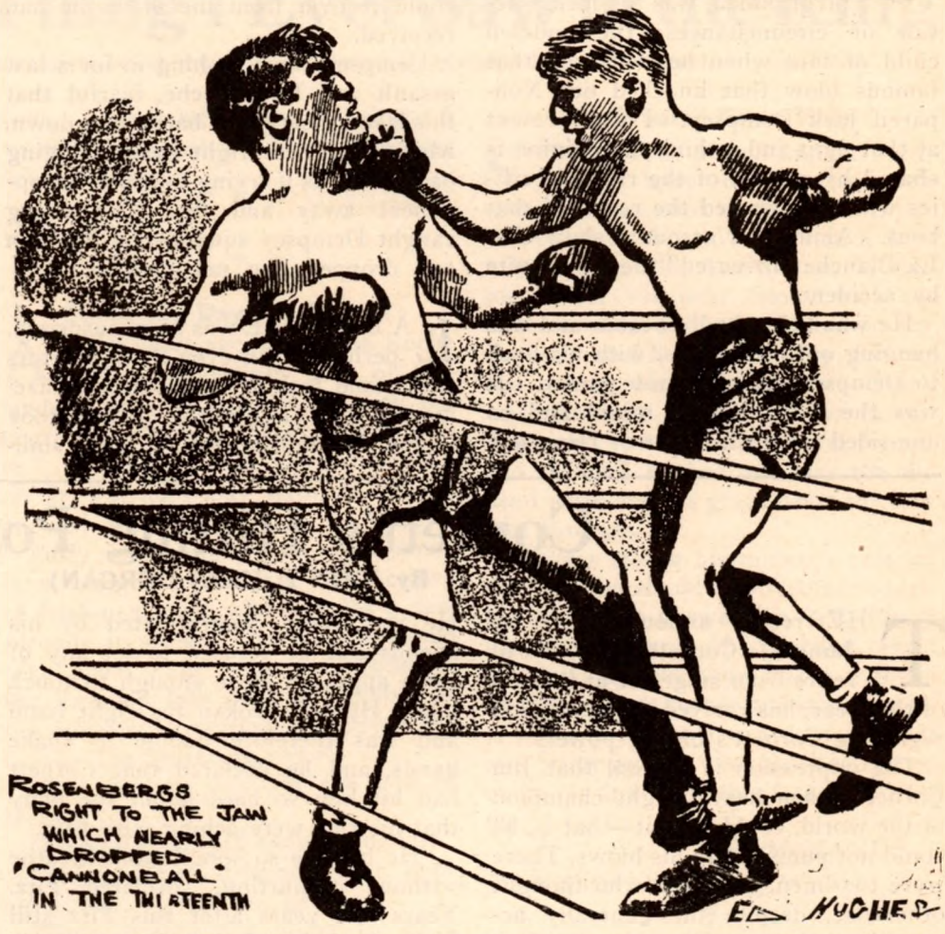
When Joe Humphreys clarioned, "The winner and new champion," he didn't get a chance to continue. The crowd arose like one man and cheered the battle-worn but smiling youngster to the echo. Not a dissenting voice was heard.

It will be recalled that when Rosenberg was introduced he was given a seven-minute ovation — the greatest we have heard in the historic amphitheatre. He was forced to get up three times and acknowledge the cheering. It was a Rosenberg house from top to bottom.

ROSENBERG will make a popular titleholder. He has a wonderful personality, and makes friends everywhere he goes. He is a bright little fellow—an exception to the general rule of embryo stars. He speaks in modulated tones, but weighs every word before opening his mouth. Talk about Mickey Walker's smile! Rosey owns one that makes Mickey's look silly in comparison.

In appreciation for bringing the laurels Harlemward Rosey was presented with a platinum watch, and chain to match, by "Searchy" Sellis at the Cotton Club recently. Incidentally, this was the first time in thirty years that a bantam champion graced his presence in the upper reaches of New York City.

Rosenberg carries his mythical diadem lightly on his brawny brow. He wears the same size hat as he did when he was struggling to reach the top rung. The championship has not changed him.



He's a regular fellow — a gentleman in every sense of the word. He owes a debt of gratitude to Segal, who hustled to help him achieve his fondest ambition. Charley and Champ are like brothers. Segal arranges the bouts and Charley fulfills the engagements.

And let it be stated at this time that Rosey will be a fighting champion. In two or three weeks he will be ready to defend his crown against the most worthy contender. He is also willing—in fact, anxious—to give Martin a return match, but this time Rosey will demand the major portion of the "gate." In the Garden embroglio Rosenberg didn't get enough for his share to keep him on Easy Street for more than a few weeks.

ROSENBERG makes the second Hebrew champion to fight his way to the mythical bantamweight championship Hall of Fame.

His predecessor was Abie Goldstein, who held the title he won from Joe Lynch only nine months. Martin, who dethroned Goldie, was champion from December 19, 1924.

Mrs. Rachael Rosenberg, grown old, but happy, surrounded by seven children (one of her boys gave his life for his country), didn't raise her youngest son to be a pugilist. She was widowed nineteen years ago.

The same stroke of fate that sent the lightweight championship Harlemward eight years ago brought the bantam diadem.

Mrs. Rosenberg has succeeded Mrs. Minnie Leiner, mother of Benny Leonard, as Queen of Lenox avenue and 116th street — the new cradle of Hebrew prodigies.

The multitude that fought to reach Leonard the night he dethroned Freddie Welsh was small compared to the throngs that surged back and forth in front of Mrs. Rosenberg's home, at 216 West 117th street, to greet Martin's conqueror.

"I AM so happy, Philip," began Mrs. Rosenberg. "Didn't I tell you that some day you would become as great as Leonard. See, I knew it! And why shouldn't you be a champion? You were good to your mother."

Turning to the writer Mrs. Rosenberg continued: "Only a few weeks ago Philly bought me a home with the money he made fighting, putting down $3,500 on a $14,000 house at Rockaway Beach. Isn't that just wonderful of him? He said to me: 'Mother, I want you to live in peace the remainder of your life because I know the hard road you had to travel since father died.'

"Of course, I must be truthful. I didn't want Philly to be a fighter. But he insisted, so I let him have his way. He was always a hard worker. Why, do you know he was only eleven years old when he stopped going to school to go to work so he could help support the family."

Rosenberg first saw the light of day on August 15, 1902. He will be twenty-three years old on his next birthday. He received an elementary education at Public School 184, at 116th street, between Fifth and Lenox avenues. He left school in Grade 8B.

His first job was with a millinery firm on Second avenue and 8th street. He was the best errand boy they ever had. Phil used to borrow long pants so he could enter the Harlem sluggeries. He became a dyed-in-the-wool fight fan.

But it was not until four years ago that Philly decided to enter the fistic pastime. Robby Martin acceded to Phil's request that he become his manager.

"But you've never had a glove on and I don't like to take chances with a raw kid," said Martin. But Rosenberg persisted. It so happened that the Commonwealth Club was in need of a substitute one Saturday night to oppose Charley Benzo. Martin suggested Rosey. He got the assignment, but lost the decision and received a licking to boot.

ALONG came Segal, one of the most popular sportsmen in Harlem. He took the youngster under his wing. Champ had done some fighting himself, but he gave it up as a bad job. He had another good boy under his wing, named Danny Lee. Champ gave most of his attention to Lee. But Rosey's trainer encouraged Philly. "You'll make your mark if you keep at it," was his admonition. Strangely, Lee has faded out of the picture and the boy who played second fiddle to him is now at the top of the heap.

Rosenberg has fought thirty-three battles; lost four, but was never knocked out. "But I was on the floor many, many times," admitted Rosey.

This was the fourth time Rosey and Martin clashed. The Cannonball trounced Phil the first time two years ago in six rounds. The second time they met, on January 28, 1924, Martin again triumphed. At Madison Square Garden, on April 29, 1924, the pair of gamecocks fought over the ten-round trail. Rosey clearly outpointed Eddie, but the judges and referee agreed on a draw.

Dempsey My Ideal—Walker

*** *** *** ***

Jack Also Idolizes Mickey

MICKEY WALKER idolizes Jack Dempsey.

Dempsey idolizes Walker.

Each is drawn to the other for their fighting qualities and friendship.

"Walker is a great piece of fighting machinery," says Dempsey.

"I cannot see myself in action. But when I see Mickey battling I get a pretty fair idea of how I think I look.

* * * * *

"HE is two-handed. He bores right in. He will swap.

"I can't help admiring that kind of stuff.

"It is the style of fighting fans want to watch. It is the kind of labor fans deserve to see when they lay it on the line.

"Walker has the right idea of where to hit his man. The old body can't take as much and as often as the face.

* * * * *

"IF you sink a punch into a man's body hard enough he will droop over his chin for a square shot.

"I knock over the big fellow oftener than Walker does the boy his size.

"But you know the old saying—'the bigger they are the harder they fall.'

"It's easier to knock over a giant than it is a dwarf.

"That is, if you plaster the right spot.

* * * * *

"WALKER is a little heavyweight, and if he ever grows up I may have to fight him."

Walker never met Dempsey until the champ was training at Saratoga Springs for Luis Firpo.

* * * * *

"BUT Dempsey has always been my ideal as a fighter," says Walker.

"When I was a kid just starting, I used to read about the great Dempsey.

"To me he was a wonder man.

"I wanted to fight like him some day.

"Maybe I didn't succeed, but anyway, I became a champion."

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"Kid" McCoy, Trickiest Fighter in Ring History

Bout With Wilks Illustrates Craft of Old Boxer—Used Powder to Make Himself Look Sickly

By TIM McGRATH

(*Copyright,* 1925, *The Ring, Inc.*)

I RAN into Kid McCoy in Hollywood a short time before he got into trouble. I hadn't seen the Kid in a long time except in the moving pictures where he was known under his family name of Norman Selby. The Kid and I engaged in a general conversation and during this little chat I learned that the Kid was instrumental in having the government make boxing a regular part of the training of the American boys during the world war, and with Dr. Roycroft and Bob Edgren, he had more to do with the selection of boxing instructors for the soldier camps than any one connected with the army.

Many stories have been told and printed about tricks the Kid played on his opponents when he was fighting, tricks which brought him victory; but there is one story that has never before appeared in print—the story of McCoy's fight with Jack Wilks in Boston. The story is worth while reading hence I shall relate it to RING readers.

Wilks, a tough, strong fellow, was under the management of Harry Sharp, a noted referee. Wilks and Sharp went from St. Louis to Boston with the idea that they would pick up some easy money from McCoy, who at that time was not known and was regarded as an easy mark.

THE night of the fight Wilks was anxious to get a look at McCoy, for he had never seen him, and for that matter, neither had Sharp. McCoy, however, waited in the dressing room until he was certain that Wilks was in the ring and then he powdered his face to make himself look paler than he was. Then he came slowly down the aisle looking as if the slightest shove or puff of wind would cause him to fall down.

Wilks looked at McCoy in a puzzled way and then turned to Sharp. "Is this the fellow I am supposed to fight?" he asked.

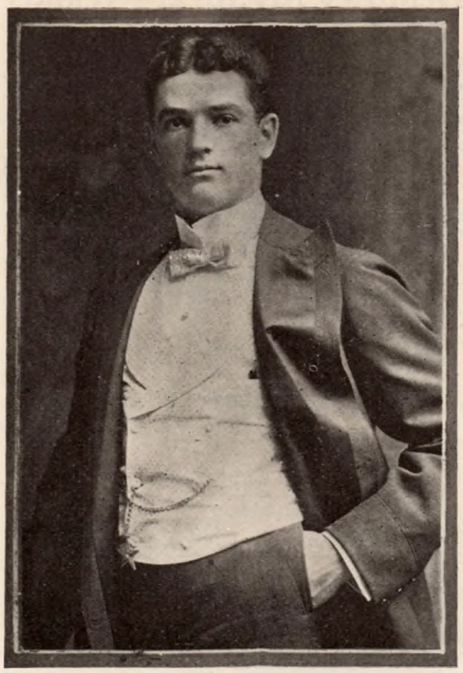
"I guess he is," replied Sharp, "come on over and get acquainted."

The two walked across the ring and shook hands with McCoy. When they returned to their corner, Wilks said to Sharp: "I wonder why they didn't give me a healthy man to fight. This fellow has the Con."

Sharp nodded. "What I'm afraid of," he said, "is that if you hit him hard, you will kill him, and we will be arrested for murder."

Wilks became thoughtful. "Maybe we better not take chances," he said. "We can call off the match."

"I don't know," said Sharp. "Wonder if you can't be careful and just keep tapping him."



Kid McCoy

"Yes," said Wilks, "and if I do, they will say it is a fake, and we will have to walk back to St. Louis."

McCoy, all the while, was sitting in his corner with his elbows on his knees looking sick and frail and about ready to keel over.

"Look at him," said Sharp. "If they don't hurry up and ring the bell, he'll die no us before the fight."

McCOY, who was a good actor and knew what was going on in the other corner, faked a bit of coughing about this time to make the play stronger. Sharp became really apprehensive. "It's murder," he said. A case for the coroner, if we are not careful."

When the referee motioned for the two other fighters to come to the center of the ring for their instructions, McCoy rose slowly and carefully just like a fellow getting up out of sick bed. Wilks was really sorry for him. "Isn't it too bad," he remarked, "the poor fellow must be up against it to be trying to fight in such a condition."

When the fight started, McCoy began running away. When Wilks came near him, he would actually put his hands up to his face as though he was asking him not to hit him. Throughout the first round all he did was to run away, as if scared stiff.

WHEN the second round started, however, ZING. McCoy shot out of his corner and before Wilks could understand what was happening, BANG, McCoy had landed on the side of his chin and upset him. Wilks arose very groggy and he was still trying to straighten out, when he got another punch on the chin, and he fell forward, flat on his face and dead to the world.

I asked McCoy if he remembered that fight.

"Yes," he said, "I certainly do. It was a mean trick to play on a man and I am ashamed to have played it."

I asked what had become of Wilks.

"I don't know," replied the Kid. "Dead probably. These big, muscular fellows go quickly when they become sick."

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I don't care where you fit in—as a possible champion or not—if you are really ambitious to learn boxing right, get in touch with me at once, and **I'll start you right.** Remember that my Boxing Course by mail was designed and written personally by me out of the great wealth of my experience as the world's most famous trainer and boxing instructor. It is chock full of diagrams personally posed by me. It is written so as to be clearly understood. It takes up every blow, every guard, every trick of footwork and ring strategy, every last detail connected with training and conditioning yourself for a fight—in every way **it is the real stuff.**

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As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING

New Champion Crowned

THE past month saw the passing of one champion and the crowning of another in the downfall of Cannonball Eddie Martin and the rise of Charley Phil Rosenberg. Never in the history of boxing has a championship changed so often as has the bantamweight division which the above two boys represent. In a space of about four years, the crown among the gamecocks of the fighting game, as the bantams are usually referred to, has changed hands several times.

That these frequent changes have stimulated interest is a matter of record. That these kaleidoscopic changes have benefited boxing especially at a time when the game was very much in need of a healthy stimulus, cannot be denied. The repeated failure of champions in all other divisions with the possible exception of that ruled over by Harry Greb, middleweight champion, to defend their crown against all comers, has created a condition of chaos in boxing. It is this which caused the suspension of Mickey Walker, Mike McTigue and Jack Dempsey.

* * * * *

WHAT boxing needs is more champions of the type of little Eddie Martin and Charley Rosenberg. Boxers of the Villa, Leonard, Walker, McTigue and Dempsey type do boxing more harm than good. There are no finer fellows in the field of sports than McTigue, Walker and Dempsey, yet it cannot be denied that their failure to fight legitimate challengers in decision contests have made a mockery of boxing.

The reign of Martin extended over only three months, a little less than that of Criqui in the featherweight division after he won the title from Johnny Kilbane. Pete Herman twice held the title among the bantams, once for a period of three years, 1917 to 1920 when he lost to Joe Lynch and regained it that same year only to lose it to Johnny Buff two months later. The year 1921 saw two champions crowned and last year this was repeated.

Competition is the life of boxing and if every champion took the cue from the little bantams, boxing would now be enjoying its greatest prosperity.

* * * * *

The Heavyweight Mess

THE action of the New York Boxing Commission in denying Dempsey the right to fight in the Empire State deserves the commendation of every fight fan who has the interest of boxing at heart. The Commission, under the able leadership of James Farley, has proved to the satisfaction of the boxing world that the days of favoritism are past and that the world's heavyweight champion must submit to the same rules that bound over the little fellows of the ring.

One rule for one champion and one for another, cannot be tolerated and as much as we regret to see our dear friend Jack Dempsey suffer humiliation through the action of the New York Boxing Board, we feel that it is our duty to censure those responsible for having steered the heavyweight champion on the wrong course in re a bout with Harry Wills. He is too fine a fellow to be so ill-advised.

* * * * *

Situation Complicated

WITH Jack Dempsey on the ineligible list, the heavyweight situation is more complicated than at any time since the champion decided to cultivate interests outside the ring. By its action the efficient New York State Boxing Commissioners prevent Dempsey from engaging in any contests in the Empire State or in New Jersey, the two most lucrative sections of the country so far as boxing is concerned. This was made possible by the passage of a new section of the boxing law to the effect that no promoter or matchmaker licensed in the State of New York may have any dealings with a suspended boxer or manager and as Tex Rickard controls the biggest arenas in New York and New Jersey, the passage of this rule automatically shuts out Rickard from offering Dempsey terms for any fight.

The penalty of being denied the privilege of fighting in the East will mean an extended vacation for the champion, unless he fights in states where it is certain he cannot obtain purses within thirty per cent of what he could command in New York or New Jersey. Hence it behooves Dempsey and his manager, Jack Kearns to get busy and make peace with the commission. This can be done only by accepting the challenge of Harry Wills, a fighter with a clean reputation, a true sportsman and a credit to his race and to the boxing game.

* * * * *

Wrongly Advised

WE have known Jack Dempsey for many years and we know that Jack fears no one. He is the most fearless fighter that has ever donned a glove.

Dempsey is a fighter by profession. He is the hardest hitter the ring has had since the days of the great John L. Sullivan. He holds the crown which once adorned the heads of such famous fighters as Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, and Jack Johnson and he should take the same chances these men took when they were the champions.

Dempsey's dodging of a fight with Wills has created the impression that he fears the negro, that he lacks the courage that a champion should possess and that he is not the great fighter his admirers would have the fight fans believe. We for one feel Dempsey is this great fighter, that he does possess great courage and that he is not dodging Wills, but that the entire mess has been caused by poor management.

We hope Dempsey will vindicate our judgment by agreeing to battle Wills and it is our humble opinion that when the contest is over, Jack will still be the champion and he will retain his crown by means of a knockout.

* * * * *

Etchings of Action in the Arena

NEW YORK CITY'S boxing fans had an opportunity within the past month to see an exhibition of the greatest works of art on "Action in the Ring" that ever has been penned, etched or painted by an American artist. The work is that of a young Oklahoma-Texas giant whose genius was uncovered on the battlefields of France. His name is Henry Ziegler, a friend of Tex Rickard and an intimate friend of the late William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody.

Some of the splendid work of this young artist is reproduced in this issue of THE RING, but these few etchings comprise only about one-tenth of the number turned out by Mr. Ziegler on various branches of sports-fights, the rodeo, the last cycle race, and the circus. Within a short time the Garden will be torn down and its tradition and romances will be a thing of the past, but its final days as the world's greatest sports centre will live through the etchings of Mr. Ziegler, who has been engaged by Tex Rickard to etch and to paint every final sports competition staged in the Garden.

MR. ZIEGLER has been given the studio of the late Stanford White and it is in this historic section of Madison Square Garden where he is making what in years to come, will become part of the historic record of the Garden as a sports center. Mr. Ziegler a few weeks ago had thirty etchings depicting various fight scenes and the rodeo on exhibition in a Fifth Avenue art gallery, and in less than three days all of his works of art were bought by collectors who recognized genius. Only fifteen impressions of each etching are made by Mr. Ziegler and six are subscribed for by art lovers before the etching is even completed.

One of the finest etchings made by Mr. Ziegler is that of Battling Siki holding the rope with one hand, his body almost doubled and Paul Berlenbach standing over him ready to deliver the final punch. This etching is printed elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Ziegler still has four for sale. No photograph ever taken by the camera could depict action as clearly as has Mr. Ziegler in this etching. Two art critics, seeing the etching on exhibition, expressed the opinion that the artist ranked as one of the greatest ever turned out in America.

Mr. Ziegler, prior to the world war, made his home in Texas. It was Buffalo Bill who discovered genius in this young Southerner in 1911. Mr. Ziegler went in for sculpture and painting before making a specialty of dry point etching and it was his bust of his friend Buffalo Bill that caused this great character to send Mr. Ziegler east to study. But the war broke out and Mr. Ziegler enlisted with the Oklahoma-Texas unit and served overseas. On his return he began to take a fancy to the fights in Madison Square Garden and studied under the great artist, Joseph Pennell. In four years he has mastered the technique of etching and now ranks as one of the leaders in his profession. He has specialized in action pictures and as such he has no equal in this country.

The writer, who is a collector of old sports prints and etchings, takes great pride in singing the praises of this new born American genius, whose works of art excel anything he ever has seen depicting thrilling action. Mr. Ziegler is now engaged making an oil painting for Tex Rickard on the last cycle race and the last championship fight. A miniature of the fight scene with Tex Rickard, Joe Humphries and other sports celebrities in the background, has been painted for the writer and will adorn the walls of THE RING executive office. Mr. Ziegler's etchings are on view in his studio in Madison Square Garden.

* * * *

Rickard Gets Yankee Stadium

THE announcement that Tex Rickard, world's greatest boxing promoter, has successfully negotiated for the lease of the gigantic Yankee Stadium for Summer boxing, is welcomed by New York's fight fans who were very much disappointed by the poor calibre of fights staged in this locality last year and the lack of championship fights. There is no promoter in the world who can cope with Tex Rickard in the matter of ability and with Boyle's Thirty Acres, the Yankee Stadium and the New York Velodrome in his control, boxing will enjoy its greatest year this summer.

We congratulate Colonel Ruppert for his foresight in giving Rickard the lease on the Yankee Stadium and we congratulate boxing for having a Rickard to guide the sport. Rickard expects to arrange six championship fights this summer, one of which will bring together Jack Dempsey and the winner of a Wills-Gibbons fight.

* * * * *

How Boxing Helps State Coffers

INTERESTING information on the financial aid boxing renders to the State of New York was divulged by the National Sports Alliance at its second annual dinner in the Hotel Commodore a few weeks ago. The Alliance showed that since the inception of the Walker Boxing Law four years ago, New York State has received a total of more than $18,000,000 paid by the public to boxing events. Approximately $10,000,000 of this sum has been paid to boxers.

For the same period the State has received as its share of the receipts $921,670.94. Maintenance of the Boxing Commission has cost the State $212,046.75, leaving a net revenue to the State of $709,624.24. The figures show that about $8,000,000 has gone to promoters, and been distributed among real estate owners and employees.

* * * * * *

Law Should Be Repealed

THE fine of $7,000 imposed by Federal Judge Bodine on Tex Rickard and his associates for the violation of the law prohibiting the interstate traffic of motion pictures, is regretted by all true lovers of sport. This objectionable law has been condemned by red-blooded sportsmen from the very day it was enacted and should be repealed by Congress.

Passed by Congress fifteen years ago for the purpose of preventing the interstate exhibition of the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno, it prevented the showing of motion pictures of world famous fights yet did not prevent the showing of still pictures of individuals and scenes of the same fights. By what mode of reasoning our noble Congressmen reached the decision that the showing of motion pictures of a fight tend to degrade the public while the showing of still pictures of the same battle, both on the screen and in newspapers, is not harmful, always has been a mystery.

The United States Government, especially in the case of the pictures which brought about the conviction of Tex Rickard and his colleagues, has collected thousands of dollars in taxes for the showing of motion pictures of fights in states where such fights were staged hence made the showing legal and still many thousands more in states where the films were illegally displayed. Yet after sharing in these profits and thereby becoming a party to the crime committed against Uncle Sam, the government indicts those responsible for showing the films, but does nothing to refund money taken from such persons in taxes on these films. This in itself is a gross injustice, yet not so big an injustice as the finding of Tex Rickard guilty.

This law should be repealed and the sooner the better.

* * * * * *

Champions Reinstated

THE reinstatement of Mike McTigue, Mickey Walker and Johnny Dundee by the New York State Boxing Commission has brightened the pugilistic skies considerably. With these three stars back in the good graces of the ruling powers, only one champion remains out in the cold—Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight title holder.

Dundee was suspended following his failure to meet Fred Bretonnel in Paris, Walker was bared for refusing to box Dave Shade, and McTigue was suspended for ignoring the request of the board to defend his title against a legitimate challenger.

As a result of the Easter gifts to the boxing world, New York and its vicinity will be humming with big bouts next summer. Indications point to the greatest activity since the passage of the Walker law. The lifting of the ban assures a Dundee-Mascart outdoor attraction, a McTigue-Berlenbach or Tunney contest, and two possible bouts for Mickey Walker, one with Dave Shade, and one with Willie Harmon. It is now hoped Jack Dempsey will repent as have the other champions and that his reinstatement will be followed by a tilt with Wills.

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Pugilistic Rhyme

THE MAIN IDEA

By Grantland Rice

(In the New York Tribune)

THE story is not in victory,
And the story is not defeat;
And I don't like the fellow who grins too much
When they knock him off his feet.
But the main idea in any scrap
Before they have counted "Ten!"
Before the referee mentions "Out!"—
Is to get back up again.

YOU'LL get your share of the hooks that jolt
If you mix where the scrap's worth while;
And I am rarely an advocate
Of "Soak up the slams and smile."
And once in a while they'll knock you out,
But the toughest nut to crack
Is the one who knows that the goin's rough,
But keeps on coming back.

FOR defeat is the greatest builder yet
For those who can stand the jar;
And trouble's the finest trainer known
For those who are going far;
And only those who are hammered hard
In the span of a slashing game
Can ever hope to defend the heights
They won through the day of fame.

AT THE RADIO

By Ray I. Hoppman

AUNT MATILDA hated boxing,
Thought it was an awful thing
For two bruisers, almost naked,
To crawl into a small ring
And to slam and punch each other
While the heartless brutes below
Howled "Hand the boob another!"
Wasn't civilized, you know.
How she visualized the battle!
She could see the pools of gore
As they bit and clawed each other
And dropped senseless to the floor.
If she were not a weak woman
She would stop this sort of thing,
She would force a law preventing
Men from battling in a ring.

Then a champion and contender
Stepped into a ring one night
And, parked close to the loud speaker,
Auntie listened to the fight.
Her expression was a study,
On her lip there was a sneer
But when we chanced to say something,
Auntie motioned "quiet" to hear.
Suddenly she got excited
And the blood rushed to her head,
"Slam him on the nose!" she bellowed
"Go on, you can do it, Red!
That's the stuff, don't let him fool you,
Knock him silly, senseless, flat!
Punch his nose back to his earlobes!"
Aunt Matilda, think of that!

"FIGHT!"

By Norman Daly

"YOU have pretty well forgotten
Since things were so gol-darned rotten";
So that is all that you have got to say?
You're discouraged, Kid, you're quittin'—
You lack the gameness of a kitten;
You're gonna let the big shots slip away.
Say, don't we all have our troubles?
And don't we all blow bubbles,
And see them slowly fade away and die?
What's the use of dull despairin'?
Come out rip-smack and tearin'
And give this old guy Gloom a blackened eye.

Like a timid sheep you're bleatin';
And you own up that you're beatin';
You say the game is gettin' pretty tough?
That's all podunk, Kid, old topper,
You have never been a "flopper"—
Come on now, Kid, and strut along your stuff.
Get back in the roped arena;
Prove you're not a "ham-and-beaner";
Show the others that you're still goin' strong.
Fight! Fight like hell and fury;
Let the whole world be your jury,
And you'll be wearin' some Champ's crown 'fore long.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

By John Francis Sanford

STILL the gong forever more;
Tear the canvas from the floor.
From dawn to dark let wreckers pound,
But when the shadows come around
These empty tiers if they could talk,
Would tell of ghosts that nightly walk;
Of crowds that come from far away
Dressed in the garb of yesterday.

THE East Side comes, the West Side too;
Fifth Avenue dudes and that Bowery crew
Sit side by side in the arc lights glow
And tensely watch as they come and go.
Each valiant one of yesterday
Returned to act in memories play
The parts they played for purses small
When hearts were brave and glory all.

THE MANAGER

By Jay J. Thomas

WHEN press and public argue away
At conferences lasting night and day;
Who always has the most to say?
The Manager!

WHEN biffers are locked in hectic fuss,
Trying each other's maps to muss;
Who yells, "Go get 'em, he can't hurt US?"
The Manager!

WHEN he wins who says, "WE fought a great fight?"
When he loses, "You looked like a bum last night."
Then tells the world "the Kid wasn't right."
The Manager!

IF the pug on a long shot grabs a crown,
All sing his praises the world around;
But if he loses who is the clown?
The Manager!

WHEN of putting and taking, the pug is sick
And finds there is no one he can lick;
Who says, "Better get a job, Kid, take your pick?"
The Manager!

CHEERS

By James K. McGuinness

PRAISE to the skies any man who comes through
In any old sport in the field.
Praise him for winning and give a cheer, too,
If fortune has forced him to yield.
Life is so hard on the best of the clan,
And hardly as nice to the worst,
The best we can do for the poor also-ran
Is cheer him as well as the first.

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"He Carried a Horse Shoe in His Glove"

A FEW months ago, when Tiger Flowers received his first knockout at the hands of Jack Delaney, in Madison Square Garden, Walk Miller, manager of the Tiger, foolishly made the charge that Delaney carried some foreign substance in his glove and thereby was able to mete out terrific punishment to Flowers. This charge was so ridiculous, as proven by Flowers' second knockout in their return bout, that the fight patrons who witnessed the first bout were astonished at Miller's apparent sincerity.

Immediately following Walk Miller's charge, the popular expression, "He carried a horseshoe in his glove," was used whenever boxing fans gathered and engaged in a little kidding bee. One of our readers, seeing this expression in print, asked for some information regarding its origin. This we are sorry to say, we cannot give him, but we are indebted to Tim McGrath, world famous second of old time fighters, for some information which is exceedingly interesting and may enlighten the reader who asked how the expression "He carried a horseshoe in his glove," originated. Here is McGrath's story:

"A common expression nowadays, and in the old days, too, for that matter, was that a fighter who scored an unexpected quick knockout, had a horseshoe in his glove.

"I can't say that I ever saw a horseshoe in a fighter's glove. But I did see the occurrence from which was derived the old-time expression, 'an Oney Gueagan.'

"Oney Gueagan ran a dive on the Bowery, in New York City.

"If you wanted to fight you could go to Gueagan's and pick out one of three men he kept around to meet all comers and guarantee to stop them or forfeit $10.

"One of these three fighters was 'Fiddler' Neary, another was Jim McNamara, and the third was John Files —all three tough guys who would as soon chew you up as look at you.

"When a sap showed up wanting to win the $10 the man picked to fight, whether it be 'The Fiddler,' McNamara or Files, would slip a piece of lead into his glove, the lead so made that it fitted snugly over his knuckles, and when the sap woke up the lead, of course, would have disappeared, and the sap would be lucky if he didn't have a broken jaw.

"Gueagan always refereed these impromptu fights in his place, for the purpose, of course, of seeing that everything went right and that he wouldn't have to forfeit the $10.

"One night when a sap had undertaken to 'stick' out four rounds 'Fiddler' Neary made a swing at him, but the glove he was wearing, as was ascertained later, was rotten, and the lead in it flew out and cracked the referee, Gueagan, on the eye and very nearly killed him.

"For years afterward, when we saw a man going up against a tricky, unscrupulous fighter, we'd say, 'Look out that he doesn't slip over an Oney Gueagan on you.'"

Philadelphia's First View of a Knockout

By ED COLE

WHEN John L. Sullivan introduced the "knockout" punch in his early career one of the first men to get "the knock" was named John Buckley, a husky blacksmith weighing about 180 pounds. Sullivan had offered $50 to any one who would stand up with him for four rounds. The match was decided at Johnny Clark's Academy at Eighth and Vine streets, Philadelphia, at a matinee. I was treasurer for Clark and sold tickets from a coffin-like box just outside the hall.

There were about 600 persons in the mob which packed the room to the very pictures on the walls. No one in Philadelphia had seen a knockout, consequently all were interested to the extreme. It came in the second round, if I remember correctly, and was composed of a slight left tap to the nose, followed by an immediate short right-arm jolt to the chin. Buckley dropped like a log. Many in the audience thought the mighty John L. had killed his man.

Talk about the "Thundering Herd," there was a stampede of humans that carried me and the box office out on to the landing at the top of the stairs, with the herd galloping over me in a roaring tumult. After I was dug out of the mob, I went to Buckley's dressing room and found him unconscious with two doctors working over him, also the ambulance attaches.

For forty minutes Buckley was in a stupor. When he did come to, he accused his seconds of hitting him with a gymnasium club from behind.

Until he died, nine months later, he could never be made to believe he was knocked out by Sullivan wearing an eight-ounce glove. That was the first eyeful Philadelphia got of a knockout.

Young Griffo Gives Some Advice to Jack Dempsey

YOUNG GRIFFO, super-boxer of his day, walking the streets of New York, ragged, penniless and only a shadow of his own great self, still keeps up his interest in boxing matters. Griffo recently got into a discussion on the merits of Jack Dempsey and wound up by declaring "Jack is good, but he can't duck. Although he is champion, he should learn this important point in boxing," declared Griffo.

"The way Dempsey digs in without caring whether he's hit or not may be all right now, while he's young and able to take hard punches," said Griffo, "but after a while, when he begins to slow up, he'll want to avoid punches and unless he learns he won't know how.

"John L. Sullivan was a fighter something like Dempsey, but he could duck a little, though not enough. If he'd known how to duck he would have given Corbett a better fight.

"Bob Fitzsimmons was the greatest white fighter of them all; he could duck, sidestep, hit, do anything."

* * *

Note that Griffo said "white fighter." Griffo, like many oldtimers, thinks that the greatest fighter, white or black, was Peter Jackson.

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Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE bantamweight championship changed hands for the fifth time since the inception of the Walker Law, when Charley Rosenberg beat Eddie Martin recently. Pete Herman lost to Joe Lynch, but got it back in Brooklyn. He returned to the Garden to drop it again, this time to Johnny Buff. Lynch retrieved his laurels by knocking out Buff at the Velodrome. Joe came back to the Garden and was whipped by Abie Goldstein. Eddie (Cannonball) Martin in turn dethroned Goldstein, and a few weeks ago Charley (Phil) Rosenberg battered Martin from pillar to post. Next?

Rosenberg, according to a schedule mapped out by Harry (Champ) Segal, his manager, is going to make hay while the sun shines. He has signed him for half a dozen matches at catchweights. When the open air clubs start to function soon Segal will be glad to listen to offers. Rosenberg is the most popular bantam title holder since Lynch's reign. Outside of the ring he is a gentleman personified. He takes his honors lightly.

Rosenberg stunned Gotham pugilistic circles when he scaled 116 pounds for Martin. He looked like a ghost and all that when he climbed through the ropes, but after the first three rounds he warmed up to his task and trounced Martin to a fare-the-well. His left jab working mechanically chopped the so-called Cannonball to ribbons. When Joe Humphreys clarioned—"The winner and new champion, Rosenberg"—a tremendous cheer went up. There was no question as to the winner.

Two weeks after he lost his mythical diadem, Martin broke with his managers, Mel Cooke and Mike Doherty. His contract with them expired before the fight, but as he had been signed previously, he had to split with them.

Jack Delaney is ready to tackle Harry Greb for the middleweight championship. The twice conqueror of Tiger Flowers is entitled to the shot. They will draw a record "gate."

Luke Carney has branched out as a manager. The former head office boy of the Cromwell A. C. is touting Joey Novak, a Pittsburgh junior lightweight. In the amateurs, Novak represented the Willow Club in the Smoky City. Luke believes deep down in his heart he owns a diamond in the rough. Good luck, Lukie, old boy.

More than 1,500 devotees of professional sport sat in at the National Sports Alliance dinner, April 5, at the Hotel Commodore. President James J. Johnston and his co-workers are to be congratulated with the splendid manner in which the affair was organized and staged. The speakers included Senator James J. Walker, father of the boxing law; ex-Senator Martin G. McCue, whose masterful speech at Albany helped to save the bill from repeal; Grover A. Whalen, Billy Gibson, William A. Brady, manager of both Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett; William G. Collins, president of the Board of Aldermen, and champions Gene Tunney, Mike McTigue, Mickey Walker, Benny Leonard, Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Johnny Dundee and Phil Rosenberg.

Johnston was re-elected head of the Alliance the latter part of February by a tremendous vote. He was opposed by Tex O'Rourke, who received a few scattering votes. Johnston says the Alliance has come to stay. The membership is growing daily and before long it will boast of 10,000. The more the merrier.

Danny Smith, popular East New York flyweight, scored his seventh professional conquest at the Ridgewood recently by gaining the decision over Sammy Richman in four fast rounds. Danny is Sonny's kid brother. He looks like the goods.

Sid Terris scored impressively over Lew Paluso, beating him with one hand, the right. His left mauler was put out of gear in a training spree with Italian Joe Gans. Dr. W. G. Fralick had the hand X-rayed two days later and luckily the plate showed only two torn ligaments. The East Side Will-o'-the-Wisp went through with his engagement against Rocky Kansas, at Buffalo, April 13. Very few in the large crowd that packed the New Manhattan A. C. knew of Sid's handicap until the day after his gallant battle.

Harry Felix continues to pile up victories. In the semi-final to Terris and Paluso, the East Side junior lightweight added Al Clitty to his list of victims. There is no stopping the youngster. Manager Dan Caplin is anxious to match Harry with champion Kid Sullivan.

Bartley Madden insists on tackling Jack Dempsey. "If Dempsey persists in side-stepping Wills," writes Bartley to The Ring, "then I'll accommodate him. I took on Wills last year when everyone was ducking him, and did he do anything to me? He just grabbed the dedision. I took on Gibbons when Tommy had just run off a string of twenty-one k. o.'s. What happened? I not only shattered his streak, but gave him one of the toughest battles he ever had."

Managers, promoters and boxers are respectfully requested to send us their name, address, and telephone number. The Ring is compiling a list which should be a big help to all seeking information and we would greatly appreciate the aid of managers, boxers and promoters. Our National Boxing Exchange is at your service.

Address, The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

It will be another two months before Mike McTigue will be ready to step in and defend his world's light heavyweight laurels. He had his right mauler operated upon a few weeks ago and a small bone extracted. When he is ready to continue where he left off, Mike, according to Managers Charlie Rose and Paddy Mullins, will be glad to accommodate Paul Berlenbach, Jack Delaney or Tom Gibbons. Ataboy, Mikey!

The small clubs did a thriving business while the Garden was closed during the five weeks the circus was in the amphitheatre.

It was great news to learn that Tom Mc Ardle had been appointed matchmaker of the Queensboro A. A., Long Island City. He succeeded Lew Raymond. Tom, the man who discovered Benny Leonard and passed him on to Billy Gibson, was very successful last year making matches for Henderson's Bowl. He is the right man in the right place. If given free rein he figures to make a world of money for Si Flaherty. He knows the value of a match, and pays accordingly.

Mickey Walker returned from the Pacific Coast the latter part of March and expects to go back. He likes the climate, but particularly the big purses they hand out. He made a tremendous hit by knocking out Bert Colima.

Jack Renault is back in the running. The Canadian evened an old score with Romero Rojas by trouncing him decisively in twelve rounds in Newark.

Jack Dempsey's manager is around town strutting his stuff. Also ballyhooing the champion's new picture.

No sooner was Jimmy De Forest appointed matchmakre of the Polo Grounds A. C. than he got on the job, rushing hither and thither in search of big matches. Jimmy says he is going to make good or die in the attempt. It's a herculean task, but we are of the opinion De Forest will make good.

A committee of prominent Italians is sponsoring a big benefit show to be held at the Polo Grounds, June 23.

Joey Silvers, East New York lightweight, is anxious to get in the 135-pound elimination stakes. He deserves a chance.

Jack Burke, light heavyweight from Pittsburg, has gone over to Tex O'Rourke's management. Burke has only been out of the amateurs three years. As an amateur he won both the light heavyweight and the heavyweight championships. He knocked out Gordon Munce, 195, and Eddie Eagon, 175 pounds. During his tenure of the light heavyweight and heavyweight championships he represented America at the Scandinavian games in 1921, defeating all his opponents. Shortly after his return he decided to become a professional, and for three years he became a very busy young man.

Burke defeated Battling Siki, Homer Smith, Billy Shade, Young Bob Fitzsimmons and others. He is only twenty-three years old and weighs 175 pounds. The Smoky City lad is particularly anxious to meet Romero Rojas, the hardy Chilian.

The time is not far distant when Willie Harmon will get his smack at the welterweight championship. The rough, tough east sider, who is under the able management of Tony Lento, has begun a knockout streak, succeeding his string of decision victories. In the semi-final to Renault and Rojas in Newark three weeks ago, he startled the fans by flattening Johnny Green in half a round.

Green had fought Walker two hard tussles. About a week later Harmon went all the way to Scranton, Pa., to knock the skids from under Cowboy Padgett's legs in five stanzas. The K. O. scored over Green was the niftiest piece of work ever seen. He sent a crashing left hook to the body. As Green started to go down he crossed with a right; Green got up; another left to the stomach floored him. In spite of the licking Green managed to get on his pins again. But a terrific right cross on the button knocked him deader than a mackerel. Harmon used only four punches to turn the trick.

Eddie Flank, Harlem bantam, will have to cool his heels for some time to come. He was recently suspended because he did not go through with a bout against Abe Goldstein, at the New Manhattan A. C. His manager informed the solons that Flank disappeared off the earth two days before the scheduled encounter.

Arthur J. Iba, Brooklyn contractor, and latest addition to the managerial ranks, got off to a bad start on March 30 when he sprung Ed Civil, fighting miner, on a Newark crowd. Ed was pitted against Young Bob Fitzsimmons. The son of the immortal Ruby Rob knocked him off in the very first round.

It will require another meeting between Bud Dempsey and Lew Hurley to settle the question of supremacy in Harlem fisticuffs. They fought six bang up rounds to a draw at the uptown Lenox, March 30. The customers got more than their money's worth. On the same card Murray Elkins, of Harlem, defeated Harry White, of Buffalo. This was another corking battle.

James A. Farley, the new chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, inaugurated a new system when he took charge. He decided to call the meetings at 11 a. m. instead of 3 p. m. As a general rule they don't last more than an hour. Then Big Jim calls in the newspaper men and rattles off whatever news he thinks is worth while. Half an hour later he is back in his own office attending to his personal business. He is the right man in the right place. If nothing else he became famous overnight when he placed Jack Dempsey on the ineligibility list for refusing to accept the challenge filed by Harry Wills.

George Smith, Brooklyn, light heavyweight, two weeks ago knocked out Fred Mace at the Ridgewood Grove. He has scored six K. O.s and eight victories in sixteen starts. He was held to a draw by Murray Gitlitz and Frank Carpenter. He has beaten Tom Kirby, Wolf Larsen, Ted Zeigwaald, Chief Halbran and Chuck Burns. He competed in the 1924 Olympic boxing tryouts.

Southpaw Harry Wallach, former Olympic champion, came through with a win over Ted Blatt, of St. Paul, in a sizzling six-round bout in Brooklyn. Wallach is getting better as he goes along. He scored ninety-three straight wins in the amateur ranks.

Sammy Fuller, Boston flyweight, is making them sit up and take notice. Sammy graduated from the amateurs about a year ago.

Harry White, Buffalo lightweight, is residing here. Tony Polozolo is doing his business.

Jerry Pelton is raving about Frank De Vodi, recently out of the amateurs. He knocked out Joe Grasso in his first "pro" start.

Murray Gitlitz, one of the Olympic candidates, light heavyweight prospect, is coming ahead with steady improvement. He makes his home in New Haven, Conn. He won his last two starts, beating Bertie Littlejohn and Eddie Lagos.

Maxey Rosenblum, Harlem's consistent winner in the middle and light heavyweight classes, is out after bigger game. Maxey is seeking a match with Paul Berlenbach.

Phil Kaplan, Willie Lewis' welterweight crack, after a six-months' layoff, appears to have regained his old form. His first fight resulted in a knockout victory over Vic Hirsch, of Chicago, and his next triumph was a k. o. registered over tough Rocky Smith. Recently he got a ten-round decision over Frankie Venchell, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Eddie Walker is touting the prowess of Sig Keppen, of Beaver Falls, Pa. He stepped in as a substitute at Philly several weeks ago and trounced Buddy Fitzgerald.

Hilly Levine, diminutive Coney Island bantam, is getting in shape for some bouts. Hilly was on the sidelines for several months but is now ready to tackle the best of the bantams.

Arnold Ryan won the bantamweight championship of the National Guard by defeating Harry Murk, recognized titleholder. Arnold dropped his opponent in the fifth. One of Murk's seconds jumped into the ring and automatically disqualified his charge. The bout drew over $3,800.

TIM McGRATH STARTS SERIES IN THE RING

The story on Kid McCoy in this issue is the first of a series by Tim McGrath, the famous boxing authority of San Francisco. McGrath, years ago, was a manager and seconder of great fighters. As a second he had no equal. Among those whom he managed was Tom Sharkey.

The McGrath series is both entertaining and authoritative and will prove one of the best features of the many printed in this magazine.

IN AND NEAR DETROIT

By JIM SULLIVAN

On March 21 Frankie Genaro gave Joe Lucas, a local boy, a neat pasting. It was a typical Genaro fight with the latter doing all the leading, but Lucas is tough and lasted the ten only on this account. Any other boy would have been out in less than five rounds.

The semi-final brought together Billy Petersen, a good puncher who, since turning pro, has won most of his fights via the k. o. route. He defeated Harry Henning, ex-amateur middleweight champion of Canada. Henning was a glutton for punishment and took all that Petersen had and was on his feet at the end of ten rounds.

The surprise of the evening came when Tommy Lee, a recent product of the simon pures, put the k. o. on Davy Sutherland.

Al Myers held Billy Shaw to a close decision. This was no doubt the best fight on the card. Both boys are willing mixers and gave the fans all the action they craved for.

Windsor, Ont., the town across the river, has been putting on some good shows of late and deserves a lot of patronage. There is talk of a bout between Carl Tremaine and Vic Foley there. This would draw a lot of fans from Detroit, Tremaine's home town. The results of the most recent bouts in Windsor are as follows: Johnny Mellow, Detroit, beat Cris Newton in the main bout. Chuck Doris, Detroit, and Cy Pooke, of St. Thomas, fought eight rounds to a draw, and Smiling Gardner won from Eddie Danks on a foul in the fourth round.

HEARD AT BURLINGTON, VT.

By GEORGE P. WHITNEY

This city has a ring idol in a poor boy who at present is the bantamweight champion of Vermont. His name is Ormond Lavigne and he is boxing under the name of Midget Lavigne. This little fellow has engaged in 18 contests and has yet to meet defeat. He is a promising youngster and looks as if he will reach the top of his class in a short time.

Amongst some of the boxers he has met are, Wee Wee Willie Woods, Mickey Delmont and Sammy Marino. He received the referees decision over Delmont and Marino. He boxed Woods after a fourteen months layoff and held him to a draw. He beat Marino recently in Burlington.

Lavigne will fight around this section for a few more months and then go down to New York City where an offer will be made Cannonball Eddie Martin, bantamweight champion, to come up here and box Lavigne this summer.

Lavigne is an idol amongst the mill workers of the American Woolen Company and they are all for him as the coming bantamweight champion of the world.

HEARD IN WEST VIRGINIA

After considerable efforts on the part of the good sportsmen of this state, West Virginia is finally to have a boxing law which will permit the sport to be carried on in legalized form. It took considerable efforts to convince those who originally were opposed to the game to see the light, but with boxing legalized in twenty-nine other states and the sport bringing in thousands of dollars of revenue, West Virginia legislators see no reason why this state should be backwards.

With boxing legalized, West Virginia should be in a position to stage many important contests next summer. The fans here are great sports and so long as proper supervision is had, and there is no reason why boxing under state control should not be properly supervised, the state will benefit considerably by the passage of a boxing law.

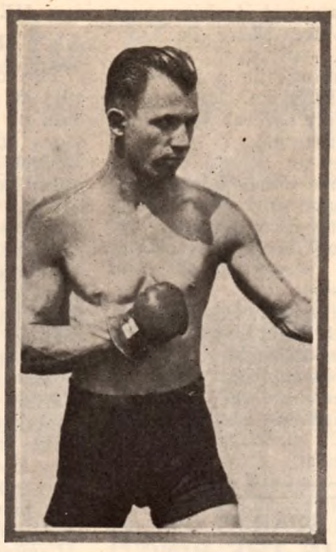
A group of business men have organized and are ready to build a new auditorium, with a seating capacity of 6,000, just as soon as the bill is signed. It will be stationed within five minutes of the main street in the Capitol. Hence, with such an arena prepared, there is no reason why boxing should not thrive here.

Charleston is a big sporting center and the fans will flock to any sporting event that is honestly carried on. This is why boxing should receive a big boom here.

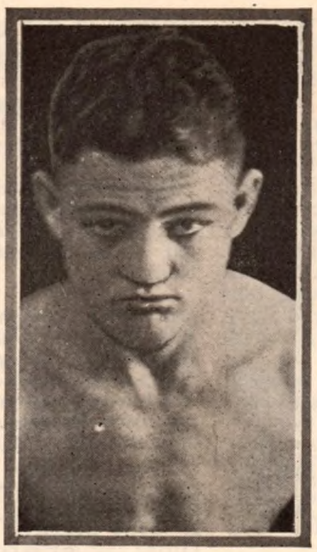
James J. (Jimmy) Horgan, is one of the biggest boosters the sport has in this state. If there were more of his kind found to interest themselves in the red-blooded man's game, boxing will receive an impetus such as has not been had by any sport in the sport in many moons.

The proposed bill is comprehensive and adequate. It provides for a commission of three members who will have the power to issue licenses to clubs which desire to promote boxing or wrestling events.

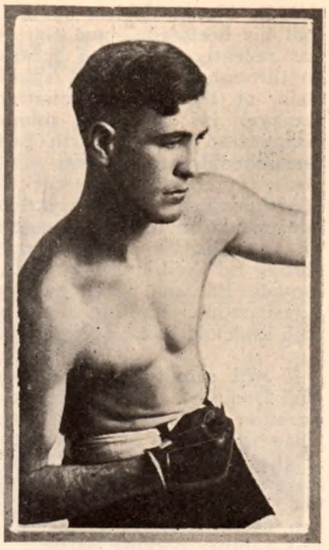
Maxie Rosenbloom, best middleweight prospect developed in New York in several years.



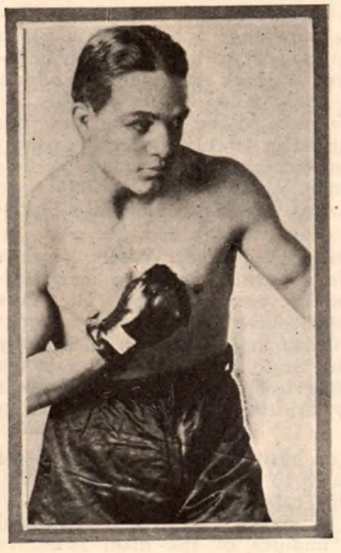
Frankie Barick who has fought the best lightweights around New York.



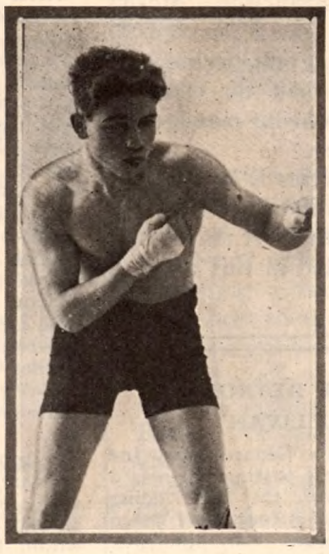
Tommy Jones, featherweight champion of Georgia. He comes from Atlanta.



Frankie Schoell of Buffalo, who made hit in Madison Square Garden by beating Larry Estridge.

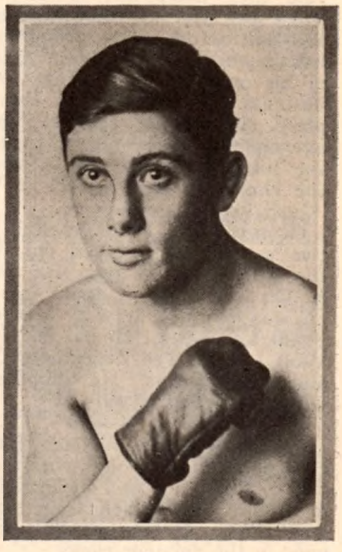


Basil Galiano of New Orleans, crack Southern lightweight.

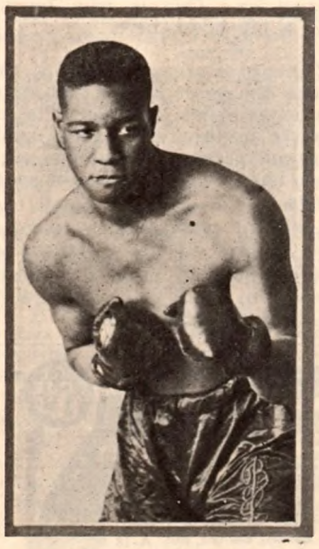


Eddie Mascart of France, who is here to fight Kid Kaplan for world's featherweight title.

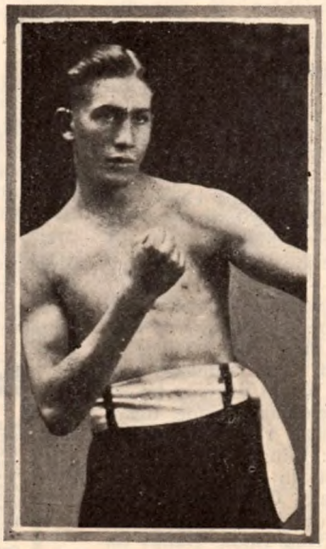
Sergeant Eddie Britton, welter champion of Th'rd Army Corps



Harry Felix, Dan Caplin's star junior lightweight who is Sid Terris's stablemate.

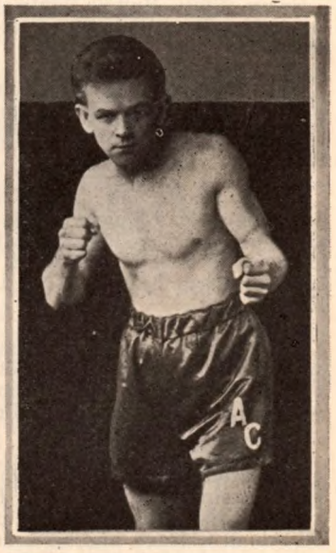


Fighting Bob Lawson, the Alabama Bear

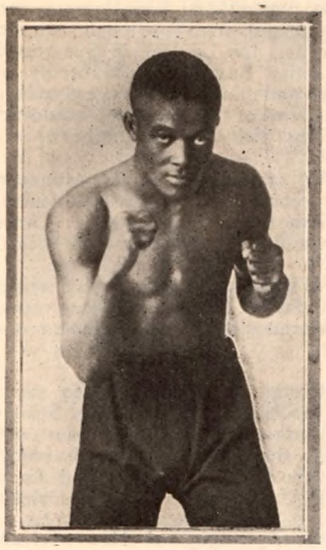


Peter Cole of Rome, Georgia, a boy who carries a good punch.

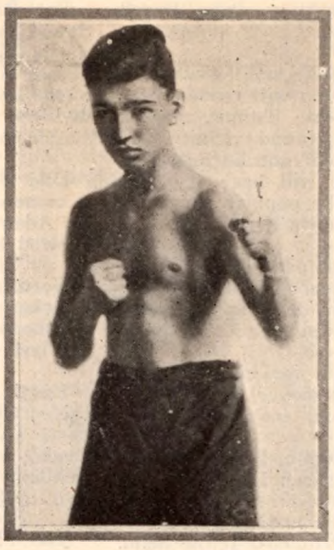
Cannonball Eddie Leonard, promising featherweight of Utica.



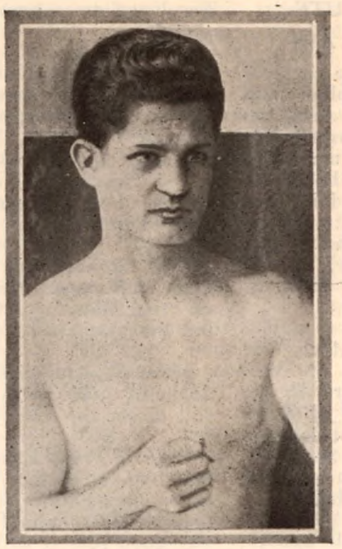
Al Clitty, protege of Jem Driscoll of England



Bobby Risden, Eddie McMahon's star negro featherweight.

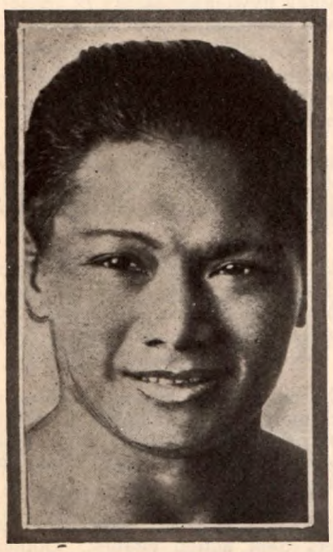


Allen Miller, a clever little East Side New York bantam



Aramus Del Pino, latest Cuban lightweight to come to U. S.

Sergeant Sammy Baker of Mitchel Field, a crack welterweight.



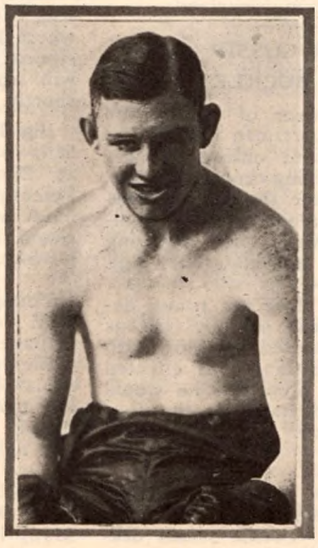
Valentine Galit. Philippine lightweight.

Joey Kaufman, Coney Island flash, who recently returned from Chicago.

Ramon Castillo, junior lightweight who is here from Cuba. He is a good battler.

K. O. Chaney of Baltimore, whose defeat by Tommy O'Brien was a big surprise.

Frankie Soltis, a good Minneapolis middleweight.



Jackie Conway of Minneapolis, a hard hitting welterweight.

Arnold Ryan, crack bantam of South Brooklyn, an armory favorite

Johnny Brooks, a welterweight of Allentown, Pa.

INDIANA AND TERRE HAUTE

By SQUARE DEAL HARRY AIN

Bud Taylor is home again from a successful operation on his right shoulder and thumb. Dr. Fralich, of New York City, has put the K.O. on Bud. Taylor has already some nice bouts on hand and is making a play that will eventually land him a bout with Phil Rosenberg, whom he trounced in New York in 1923. On April 21 he meets Midget Smith at East Chicago, and on May 15, the night before the Kentucky Derby, he will swap gloves with Tommy Ryan of McKeesport, at Louisville.

In a lightweight tournament which was held at Terre Haute, Joe Cooper of West York, Ill., was declared the winner. In the final bout he K.O.'D Bert Denny of Terre Haute. Some of the men who went down in the tourney were Lester Martin of St. Louis, Jackie Barnhardt of Terre Haute, Pat O'Malley, Jackie Wison, and Kid McCoy.

Jimmy McDermott, the great little bantam of Terre Haute, travelled all the way to Great Falls, Montana, where he engaged Eddie O'Dowd of Muncie in a great twelve round draw. Lee Sullivan, who manages McDermott, has a diamond in the rough and if developed right will go far in the ring.

Floyd Fitzsimmons wants to give the fans of Indiana a treat. He has offered Jack Dempsey $30,000 to meet either Jack Renault or Louis Firpo in a ten-round bout at Michigan City on Sept. 7.

At a show held at Kokomo, Ind., on March 30, Mickey Cone, of Kokomo, knocked out Mexican Gonzales, Milwaukee flyweight, in the fifth round. Mickey Cone is matched to meet Fresco Johnson, Terre Haute flyweight, at Danville, April 6th.

FLORIDA EAST COAST NOTES

Miami has been the mecca for boxers and promoters during the winter months. Ad Stone, accompanied by his popular manager, Max (Boo Boo) Hoff and Danny Kramer, paid the city a visit, and incidently Stone made expenses by outpointing Hughie Walker of Kansas City.

Mike Wallace, Cleveland light-heavyweight, was one of the outstanding figures. Wallace, practically unknown, was brought up to the pinnacle of his division in Florida rings by his manager, Duke Barry. Wallace met such men as Young Stribling, Bob Sage, Hughie Walker, Pete Stamarty, of Boston; Sandy Moore, of Chicago, and others.

Barney Adair, the fighting harp of New York, has been the biggest money-getter. Leo P. Flynn's welterweight participated in more matches than any other two glove wielders. Barney recently defeated Norm Genet, the Akron "Iron Man" at West Palm Beach.

Jay J. Thomas, manager of Hughie Walker and Harvey Thorpe, will gather up his extra collar and depart from here. Thomas kept both his battled scared veterans moving nicely in the money.

Walter St. Denis, who is writing sport for the Miami Herald, is keen to have Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, the newly crowned bantamweight champion, strut his stuff in a Miami arena. There has been some talk about flashing the newly crowned king with Dick Baker.

Artie McCann, of Philadelphia, and Joe Chaney, of Baltimore, blew into Miami when their port of haven, Tampa, closed up. Both are listed to appear at West Palm Beach shortly.

Gene Tunney's movements will be watched with interset by those who will remain here during the summer months. Tunney made a host of friends in Miami and vicinity and his ring engagements will not be only followed closely but Gene will have the best wishes of all that met the popular American champion during his sojourn here.

The lid has been clamped down on the game in Tampa. Last season Tampa topped all other Florida cities in drawing big gates, but the past season proved to be a bloomer.

Mike Wallace has left for his Cleveland domicile. uke Barry, manager of Wallace, will direct the Clevelander from Miami.

Over in West Palm Beach, Phil Pritchard, matchmaker of the American Legion, topped the money getters from a promoter's standpoint. West Palm Beach had an exceptionally good season with Pritchard at the helm.

Matchmaker Ed Douglass, of Miami, will continue his shows during the summer. Douglass is one of the very few that operates year around. Many predict that Miami will enjoy a fra better season during the coming months.

BOXING NEWS FROM THE CENTRAL WEST

By HAROLD WALSH

Willie Ames, veteran Akron junior lightweight, today reigns the uncrowned champion, following his easy victory over Champion Steve "Kid" Sullivan, of Brooklyn, in a twelve round no-decision contest at Canton, Ohio, recently. Willie won hands down, winning ten of the twelve sessions, according to Ohio newspapermen at the ringside. One round was even and one went to the champion. Just a year ago in the same ring Ames outpointed Johnny Dundee. Ames is a classy battler who seems to improve with age.

Norman Genet, the tough Ohio middleweight, who has been barnstorming for the past four months, is back home again defeating Barney Adair and Harvey Thorpe in his most recent bouts in Palm Beach, Fla. Norman fought some great bouts with Buck Holley and ex-champion Jack Britton in San Francisco.

Leo Flynn is seeking to match his crack heavyweight Jack Renault with John Risko in Cleveland, in the near future, and what a crowd they will draw in Cleveland.

MISSISSIPPI GOSSIP

By HAROLD BUCKLEY

William Kennedy, Mayor of Biloxi, and one of the real, true sportsmen of old, has appointed three prominent citizens to act in the capacity of boxing commissioners. Their chief duty is to see that boxers performing in this section are in perfect condition as boys lately have entered the ring out of shape and made miserable showings.

Bub Seymour won a close ten round decision over Matty Baldwin of New Orleans last month. Baldwin entered the ring with a bad cold and his breathing was effected after the fourth round, otherwise he would have won. Matty had Seymour on the floor twice in the sixth frame. A return match is in the making.

Pockie Lockie defeated Jack Lane at Meridian in ten rounds recently. Lockie winning seven of the ten. Pockie seems destined to go far in the pugilistic field.

Earl Bascle, flyweight of New Orleans, continued his knockout streak when he stopped the highly touted Joe La Rue in five rounds at Bay St. Louis. Bascle is undoubtedly one of the hardest punching boys in the flyweight division. The end of this year we should find Bascle mingling with the top-notchers.

Dud Carver, of Bay St. Louis, attempted a comeback recently. He lost the decision to Adam Gomez in eight rounds. Carver showed only a flash of his old time form.

Norman Moran, Gulfport welterweight, knocked out Sailor Iassaon in four rounds at Biloxi. Moran showed improvement over his last start.

Local matchmakers are trying to secure the services of Delos "Kid" Williams, Shreveport, La., bantamweight for a bout with Pockie Lockie the latter part of this month. Williams is the boy who gave Kid Carlin two tough fights recently in New Orleans.

Jack Doyle, flyweight of New Orleans, has the well wishes of the fans of this state in his Eastern invasion. Jack was one of the most popular boxers to perform here. The writer is of the opinion that he is capable of giving Villa, Genaro, and the rest of the top-notch flyweights plenty of trouble. He is certain to make a hit anywhere he shows.

Ray Schaeffer will be on the sidelines for at least a month. Ray injured his hand in a bout recently.

Bud Seymour may meet Bobby Higgins in a return bout in Biloxi the early part of this month. Higgins won a close decision over Bub recently.

Jack Sedan, amateur flyweight champion of New Orleans, will make his professional debut in a bout with Pockie Lockie or "Cave Man" Farace this month. Advance reports indicate he has lots of class.

Sailor Johnson took a run-out powder in his scheduled match with Joe Lewis of Baton, La. Johnson probably heard of Lewis' fistic prowess. Lewis intends to make Biloxi his home the coming summer.

Adam Gomez was the first boxer the new commissioners took action against. Gomez, it appears, has not been in proper condition for his bouts in the past. The commission let him down with a reprimand which seemed to have some effect as his decisive win over Dud Carver would indicate.

Harry Frisch, lightweight of New Orleans, who has just returned from the Pacific Coast where he had a number of bouts, has been signed for three bouts along the coast. He will make his initial appearance in Biloxi shortly.

Big Boy Peterson won on a foul in the fifth round of his scheduled ten round bout at Biloxi recently with Russell Maneri. Peterson was well out in front when the low blow was struck. Maneri holds a fifteen-round decision over Young Marullo, New Orleans, middleweight.

Young Leonard, New Orleans lightweight, may be seen here shortly, Johnny Cox, manager of Leonard, having agreed to terms while here recently. Leonard holds a one round knockout over Bobby Barrett, and last month stopped Joe Matranga in eleven rounds. Cox claims he is the hardest punching lightweight in the ring.

THE RING was paid high tributes when it made its first appearance here last month. Many have endorsed it as the leading Boxing Magazine of America.

IOWA BOXING NEWS

By CHARLES SIMMONS
(Register and Tribune News)

During the past year boxing has been on the down grade here in the city, but promoters with the true interest of the game at heart are making an effort to uplift the sport and furnish mitt fans with worth-while entertainment.

Promoters Lucas and Kelly of the Des Moines Athletic Club have been giving local fight bugs some sizzling battles. They staged eight round weekly programs of amateur boxing, and have been favored with packed houses.

A good show is in prospect soon, with Harold Plude, speedy featherweight recently returned from a Chicago invasion, meeting Johnny Harris, one of the fastest stepping junior lightweights in the state. While in Chicago, Plude gave Benny Valgar a great battle for twelve rounds, only losing when he weakened in the final rounds.

Among the young local fighters who are showing great promise are Harold Plude, featherweight; Johnny Harris, junior lightweight; Frankie Rand, feather, and Wayne Williams, feather.

Among the amateurs who are showing real prospects are Louie Mays, "Chuck" Delmege and Teddy Murphy.

Joe "Young" O'Hara of Fort Dodge, looks to be about all through. Warnie Smith, tough and rugged Oklahoma middleweight, recently invaded Joe's home town and dropped the local pride for the count in the first round with a hard right to the jaw.

O'Hara showed promise of a great future two years ago but made the mistake of rushing into fast company with not enough experience. He was taken to Chicago and sent against Jack Britton, Morrie Schlaifer and other high lights.

Davenport and Sioux City continue to be good "fight towns." The American Legion at the latter place is promoting some good monthly shows, featuring such boys as Earl McArthur, "Sailor" Anderson, and "Dago" Joe Gans, while Davenport gets many of the fast steppers around Rock Island, Ill., including Mike Dundee and Eddie Anderson.

ROCHESTER. N. Y.

By ROCKY CONTI

One of the pugilistic surprises of the season was furnished here on March 9 when Chubby Brown, world's contender for the junior welterweight crown, boxed a draw with Jack Zivic, the Pittsburgh assassin, before the largest crowd of fans that ever witnessed a boxing bout in Rochester. Zivic was lucky to get a draw with the local idol for Chubby had a comfortable margin on points for nine rounds by outboxing and outgeneralling him. Brown, in trying to connect with one of his right hand punches, ran into a left hook of Zivic and Jack, in the last few seconds of the last round, rocked Brown from head to foot and earned himself a draw. Chubby is the only boxer in the country to hold Zivic anywhere near even in the last six months.

Charles Battling Barry, the best looking featherweight in this part of the state, has been matched to meet Bobby Garcia in a star bout in the latter part of April by Matchmaker Jake Carey of the Genesee Valley A. C. Barry is yet to lose a bout before the local fans and is regarded as the best audience pleaser that has appeared here in some time.

Anthony Lefty Thomas has staged a complete comeback. He looks much better than the Thomas of old. He decisively gave Phil Logan a lacing and had him on the verge of a knockout. Also Joe Hall of Buffalo and on March 23rd, knocked out Joe Korey in two rounds. Thomas, who is only a youngster, is a stiff puncher with either hand and afer a few more bouts will give any lightweights in the tournament a boxing lesson.

Osk Till, Rochester's latest welterweight sensation who recently defeated Jack Oakes, Johnny Ward, Penny Ross and boxed a draw with Augie Ratner, met a tartar in the person of Dave Shade on March 23rd in a one-sided bout. Only Shade's experience won the decision for him. Till is to meet Mickey Forkins of Chicago at Syracuse on April 17th in the star bout of 12 rounds.

Sailor Packie, who once held the lightweight championship of Panama and Central America, is planning to stage a comeback and will be looked after by Joe and Rocky Conti. Packie is the first boy to knock out Conosota Bob, the tough Syracusan, and has won 90% of his bouts by the K.O. route.

Nick Mendo, Rochester's popular manager, showed the local fans a wonder in Red Miles, a youngster who boxed Ruddy Till in a preliminary to the Till-Shade bout. Miles has the earmarks of a coming lightweight if properly taken care of and will give any lightweight a battle in the near future.

TEXAS NOTES

By DON CEE

The old game has begun to perk up all over the Lone Star State, and now we find the game thriving in many cities hitherto closed to the sport.

Dallas, Texas, is now having two and sometimes three glove shows each week. Larry Meinert is showing to capacity houses each Monday night. Larry is the veteran promoter of the little New York of Texas and puts his shows over in grand style, always giving his patrons a run for their money. It was Meinert who put over the memorable Harry Greb-Johnny Celmers fight, that drew $18,000, though such houses are not drawn at this time, as all shows are held indoors.

The "Contractors' Athletic Club" of Dallas, under the direction of Sam Marino, has been holding some great shows. Its last show was on March 26, in which Kid Pancho of San Antonio and Joe McComas of Dallas thrilled the fans with a ten-rounder that proved one of the best bouts ever held in the north Texas City of skyscrapers.

Toughy Robinson, of Dallas, an ex-pug of note around the southwest, is the matchmaker for the Contractors' A. C. He has been putting his shows over in a very artistic way.

Some of the notable visitors to Dallas during March and April who have been cashing in on the popularity of the game in that section are Kid Pancho, Johnny McCoy, Jack Avalon, Duke Tramel, Tommie Pickert, Joe McComas, Mickey Riley, Billy Burns and Frankie McFarland.

Billy Clark, a tough coming young welterweight under the direction of Bobbie Robison of Dallas, is coming along great and winning each start.

Mickey Riley, the fast lightweight of Dallas and San Antonio, has forsaken the stage and will throw his mitts again. For the past two years since he quit the ring Mickey has been one of the biggest drawing cards for the various theatres in which he has performed as a straight man and comedian, as he possesses a beautiful Irish tenor voice and has a great stage personality. Riley, at this time, is making his home in Dallas and can be reached through the Larry Meinert Gymnasium.

The Kid Pancho-Joe McConas ten-round bout at the Contractors' Athletic Club of Dallas on March 26 was a classic and will go down in Dallas history as the greatest fight between two little fellows ever seen there.

The fans were in a frenzy throughout the mill and insisted on seeing Pancho box again in Dallas the following week, so the match was accepted ,and on April 2 Pancho beat Joie Epstein of New York at the same club. Don Curley is his manager.

Jack Shelton, San Antonio promoter, will be running weekly shows ere this appears in print. The Alamo City fans are boxing hungry and if a few good morsels are fed them the game will continue to thrive.

Promoter Jack Shelton is trying to secure a Georgie Marks-Kid Pancho twelve-rounder and a Tommy White-Brooke Stephens ten or twelve-round bout to head a couple of his first shows.

Manager Don Curley, who is now piloting Kid Pancho, San Antonio's little "Fighting Fly," has offers for Pancho's services from Dallas, Texas; Juarez, Mexico; Tampico and Monterrey, Mexico, and also Baton Rouge, La. Pancho is a clean-cut, popular little fellow.

Tommy Simpson, the tough San Antonio welter, has been made offers for several bouts in Oklahoma.

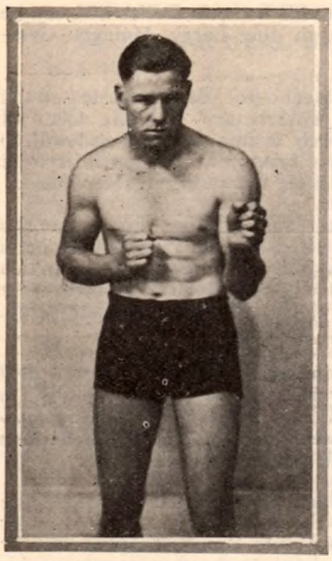
Jack Avalon, formerly of San Antonio, is headed back to his old home in New York, but is working his way through the country by easy stages.

Duke Trammel, the hard-hitting Wichita Falls welter, is being kept very busy by his manager, Don M. Wofford, who also promotes boxing for the American Legion in the Falls.

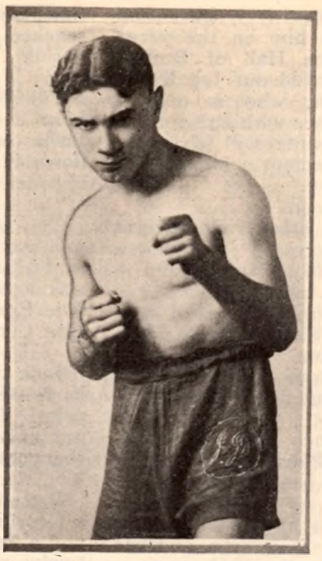
The many recent victories and his showing against Tommy Freeman of Hot Springs, Ark., stamps Jack Willis, the San Antonio heavy welterweight, as a sure comer. Willis is now boxing with great success around Tennessee and Arkansas.

A Johnny McCoy-Kid Pancho bout is being steamed up, both in Dallas and El Paso. It should be a great battle.

Warren Levy, a fast New Orleans bantam weight, recently fought a sensation bout against Frankie McFarland of San Antonio at Dallas. The boys fought on even terms for the entire distance of ten rounds. There was eight pounds difference in the weights, McCoy being the heavier boy.



Harry Henning, former Canadian amateur champion, who has turned pro.



Jackie Johnston, Canadian junior featherweight who comes from Toronto.

Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo, who recently beat Jack Delaney.

Sunny Jim of California, a hard hitting light heavyweight.

HEARD IN STAMFORD, CONN.

On the eve of a return bout with Steve Smith, Eddie Mack, Connecticut's bantam champion and leading bantam of New England was ordered by his physicians to lay aside his gloves forever. Eddie's eyes have gone back on him and although he may yet be able to overcome this handicap, it is doubtful he ever again will don the mitts. Connecticut fight fans loved Eddie for his ability and his sportsmanship and in his honor, Stephen E. Kelly has written a poem, a tribute to Connecticut's great little bantam. The poem follows:

We heard the news with a tear dimmed eye,
Our chests upheaved a sorrowful sigh.
They've ordered Eddie Mack to quit,
The game of bang and sock and hit.

The boy, who to us is so dear,
Who fought his battles without fear.
He did his best to please the crowd,
His praises will ever echo loud.

He fought them wild, he fought them tame,
He fought them all just as they came.
He fought them clean and with a smile,
He fought them square, they liked his style.

Neat and trim, and full of spice,
In his manner, ever so nice.
Liked by all, both young and old,
He is himself a nugget of gold.

There's none can tell how much he tried,
To keep the name of "Stamford's Pride."
Without a speck or black dot,
For that alone, he'll not be forgotten.

A clever boy and a fast one too,
We watched him as from a child he grew.
Always upright, honest and square,
With Mack on a card we'd all be there.

Eddie Mack, "Marook" they yelled,
For the respect of all he held.
Always trained, faithful and true,
Doing his best for me and you.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS

By LEW DIAMOND

Lew Gutowski, dubbed by Jersey City's newspapermen as the "Gammontown Paralizer," certainly is worthy of that title. His latest victim was Dan Lynch, Bayonne's best bet in the middleweight division. In four bouts Gutowski has kayoed all of his men. The total amount of time is exactly 10 minutes and 39 seconds.

Danny Lewis, Jersey City's crack flyweight, is looking for action. Lewis is a great club fighter, never failing to please. In his last two battles he decisively defeated Johnny Mayo and gave Bobby Walker of Staten Island, a stiff argument. Lewis is gunning for a crack with Doo Doo Jackson for the flyweight title of the state.

Jimmy Barry, rough, tough featherweight from Newark, who has fought some of the best men in his class, will shortly swing into action at one of the local clubs in Jersey City.

A new arena is being built in Bayonne which promises to be one of the best in the State of New Jersey.

Jimmy Francis added another K. O. to his long list of victims when he flattened Mavio Gigglio, champion middleweight of Italy in the first round at the Strand Theatre in Bayonne.

The Johnny Kochansky-Petie Mack fiasco at the Bayonne Casino drew the largest crowd of the year. They turned the fans away. It was one of the best fights seen in Hudson County in many a year.

Billy White, Jersey City's junior welterweight has made a wonderful come-back. In his last two starts he defeated Buck Kelly and Georgie Scott at the Bayonne Casino. His next start will be with Otto Pierce at the Strand Theatre.

Ray Neuman, Gammonstown Assassin, is winning consistently on the coast. His latest victim was Jim Slimmer, whom he kayoed in the sixth round. Neuman is matched to box Jimmy Delaney at Oakland, Cal., in his next start.

Young Ciccerelli, of Bayonne, is a good prospect in the featherweight division.

Mickey Lewis is coming along in leaps and bounds. He evened up his score with Frankie Dundee at the Bayonne Casino. He handed the Portchester lad a neat licking as ever was seen in a local club. The bout was stopped in the fourth round to save Dundee from further punishment. Mickey also scored over Doo Doo Jackson and Sammy Bienfield recently.

Joey Starr is a promising little featherweight of Jersey City. In due time Starr should develop into a crackerjack if properly handled. Starr is a pleasing fighter that the patrons of clubs like to see. Action from gong to gong.

Steve Clifford, after a long layoff, entered the square circle and scored an impressive victory over Young Ciccerelli at the Strand Theatre recently. This has been the first set back Ciccerelli had in his short but sensational career.

Willie La Morte, of Newark, and one of the best flyweights around these parts, scored a knockout over Archie Bell in the third round of an eight round affair at Kanter's Passaic Auditorium in Passaic, recently.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOHNNY HINES

Tommy Kid Murphy invaded Joe Silvers' stronghold, the Brunswick A. A. of New Brunswick, and scored a victory over Pedro Campo of the Philippines. Campo, a relentless battler, tried hard to land his right on Tommy's whiskers but Murphy proved as elusive as a bar of soap in the bath tub and went about outscoring Pedro at will.

Willie La Morte and Emil Paluso divided the newspaper decision after their second meeting at the local club. La Morte, with recent victories over Eddie Covington and Wilbur Cohen under his belt, was in prime condition and he had to be as Paluso, always a hard worker, was in the proverbial pink. Encouraged by the shouts of the spectators they fought like enraged tigers with the shade in the writer's mind, rightfully belonging to La Morte.

Why La Morte was not given a rating by Tex Rickard is hard to understand as the writer has seen him win over a dozen or more first class mittmen as well as a win over Al Brown, the elongated mittman from Panama who was given a high rating by Tex Rickard.

Nick Fisher, local sportsman, who conducts a pool room here is the discoverer of a new heavyweight who, in due time, will surely wend his way to the top. The boy that is causing Mr. Fisher such anxiety is Sailor Fisher, a lumbering fellow from Uncle Sam's cruiser, the Pennsylvania.

A preliminary boy with the drawing power of a windup performer is the title well deserved by Plough Boy Clark, who fights the openers on the local cards. From a tomato patch to the hearts of the local fans is the jump attained by Plough Boy with his first performance.

Clark, somewhat of a Berlenbach, by reason of his six straight knockouts, wears a mustache which lends color to him and makes him a good card. Promoters should use precaution in selecting his opponents as they have much to lose by his defeat.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

New England fans are still frequenting their favorite boxing clubs and although business conditions hereabouts are not of the best, boxing promoters are making money by staging worthwhile shows. An idea of the business done by some of the larger clubs may be gleaned from the fact that the Commercial A. C. in Boston drew $110,000 in their last six shows.

Red Chapman stepped into the big league the past month by taking Johnny Dundee into camp in a bout that bristled with action from start to finish. Johnny started in early to scare Red but he soon found out that he had some assignment on his hands. His judgment of distance was very bad and his spectacular bounding off the ropes was absent and from the third round on he was never in it with Chapman who jabbed and lefthooked the veteran at will.

From now on, Chapman, whose real name is Moe Kaplan, will have to be considered in any featherweight elimination series. As for Dundee, with a couple of more bouts to sharpen his judgment of distance, etc., he will be there with the world's best.

Benny Leonard, who was playing Keith's Boston, where his act was the hit of the show, was an interested spectator at the Chapman-Dundee bout. He was given an ovation by the Boston fans on his appearance at the ringside.

The Lou Gogash-Tiger Flowers bout was a sensational affair. Four times in the bout Bogash dropped the Tiger for counts of nine, but each time Flowers gained his feet and carried the fight to Bogash with renewed vigor. The Tiger's whirling attack all but blinded Bogash even after being knocked down and although Lou tried hard, he did not carry a round and it was Flower's decision by a wide margin. The Tiger's ability to get up and fight after being floored has all the local "experts" guessing as it was broadcast in this section that Flowers was not "there."

Some of the bouts scheduled for Boston in the near future are Jack Sharkey vs. Jack Renault, Sid Terris vs. George Lee, Jimmy Maloney vs. Bartley Madden, and it is rumored that one of the local promoters has an option on the new bantamweight champion, Phil Rosenberg, to come here and exhibit against one of the local boys.

Marty Fitzpatrick and his brother, "Moxie," former National amateur featherweight, have opened a new gym in the South End of Boston, and issue an invitation to all out-of-town boxers to come and train at their quarters which are centrally located and are easily accessible from any part of Boston.

Henry Ford, that nifty little featherweight from the North End of Boston, has started a comeback campaign and has met with marked success, having won his last five starts. His next opponent will be a bitter rival, Terry Parker, from the same section and from here is looks like some quarrel.

Eddie Williams of East Boston, defeated Young Kennoyer of Derry, New Hampshire, in the main bout at the New Salem A. A. in Salem this past month. Williams is a rugged southpaw who is improving with each start. His next opponent will be that classy navy featherweight, Honeyboy Finnigan.

Alec McLean, long and favorably known in boxing circles in this section is shouting from the rooftops for a return bout between his protege, Battling McCreary and Jimmy Maloney, and from this angle it looks as if he will be satisfied as will the dusky McCreary, as few are gamer than he, hereabouts. The way Maloney has been coming with every start bodes ill for any one he opposes and the Battler is sure to find himself the recipient of many gloves early in the fray.

Maloney's stablemate "Mighty Hambone Kelley" is working out with Maloney and is straining at the leash for action.

Al Mello, former national amateur welterweight, who is being groomed for big things by Bobby Goldman, is going great guns in this section. He has yet to be defeated since turning "pro." Frankie Quill, Shaver O'Brien and Al Sears are some of the veterans he has polished off. In his next start he meets his fellow townsman, Phinney Boyle at the Moody A. C. in Lowell.

George Cook, the Australian heavyweight champion, is making his headquarters in Lynn, Mass. He is training for his bout with Bob Lawson, one of Walk Miller's dusky battlers who recently stopped Kid Norfolk. The Commercial A. C. of Boston, will stage this show.

NEW ORLEANS GOSSIP

By CLIFF ABBO

Boxing here has been in a terrible slump, this being attributed largely to lack of local cards and the fact that the out-of-town talent was entirely too expensive to import here. The stagnancy, however, is about to be relieved with the ending of the Lenten season. Promoters are just lining up cards, the outstanding of which is a twenty-round contest between Pal Moran and Knockout Leonard, the newest lightweight sensation.

Promoter Frankie Edwards plans to stage this match and already has both fighters signed to articles. Leonard has agreed to do 136 pounds at 4 o'clock for Mora.

Moran has been hesitant about meeting Leonard since the latter stopped Joe Matranga here in eleven rounds. Moran is not getting any better and against this powerful 23-year-old butcher boy he is liable to find that his chin is not so impregnable as he opines.

Johnny Cox is managing Leonard and predicts that his fighter will stop anyone he hits on the chin—Moran being no exception.

It was this Leonard who stopped Bobby Barrett in twenty-nine seconds. It was Matranga's first experience with a knockout when Leonard crumpled him to the canvas. Matranga was a 3 to 1 favorite.

So if Leonard succeeds in beating Moran, Cox will make it most unpleasant for some of the Eastern fight managers and lightweights this summer. The pair plan to leave here immediately after the Moran-Leonard fight.

Young Marullo's hands are rounding into shape and he will be ready for another tilt with Paul Berlenback in the near future. Following his fight with Berlenback, he underwent a hand operation and many of the damaged tissues were removed. The boy reports that he can punch without feeling any semblace of pain and is sure he can stop Berlenback in a return meeting.

Amos Carlin, the Southern bantam weight champion, has hied to Cincinnati and Cleveland, where he is expected to swing into action in the near future. Carlin is said to have received an offer to box Carl Tremaine in Cleveland, but Tremaine turned the chance down. Carlin eventually will drift over to New York this summer and hop into the bantamweight sweepstakes. He has an excellent chance, considering Phil Rosenberg was not even rated in Mr. Rickard's first ten battlers published in The Ring.

Basil Galiano returned from New York where he was eliminated in the lightweight tournament by Benny Valgar. Galiano was not discouraged and said he would return to Gotham and try and get a match with men better suited to his style. The lightweight tournament was not only a fistic bust, according to Red Walsh, but a financial bust as well. This drawing of opponents made it bad, says Red, and the return one received for the chance was far below expectations.

"We could have goten $2,000 for meeting Valgar in New Orleans," says Red, "and I turned it down. I would not have agreed to meet Valgar in New York had we money to go along on. But what is a fellow to do on short dough?"

It was all a chance, this tourney, but take the case of George Knockout Chaney, points out Red. Here is a fellow who gets three thousand dollar smashes right along and turned down one here in New Orleans. He got stopped by Tommy O'Brien and only drew $700 for his services.

Charley Rodriguez, Bobby Higgins, Joe Cook and Jack Griff are the outstanding featherweight fighters here at the present time. Griff is under the management of Willie Sehrt, former manager of Happy Littleton, and is a very promising battler.

There was a rumor current that Happy Littleton would return to the ring soon for a comeback. Happy hasn't denied the rumor, so it is taken for granted that it is somewhat correct. He intends to visit the Pacific Coast soon.

The Matraga-Leonard fight drew a gate of $3,100. This was the best house evidenced in several weeks.

CAROLINA NOTES

By NIXON E. JONES

Wilmington, N. C., promoters are having a hard time putting on what the fans want. They want to sit and see Ken Burris get a lacing, but he sends them home with the blues, as was the case the last time he fought Cowboy Lee Williams of New York. The odds were against Burris before the fight, but Burris knocked him out in the seventh round of a twelve-round contest.

Johnny McGenty, of Birmingham, Ala., must be a tough nut. He is a little heavy for the welterweights and too hard a puncher for the middleweights. He has offered to meet any middleweight the promters choose to match him with for very reasonable terms. How about Jack Turner, Joe Bashara or Mike Owens?

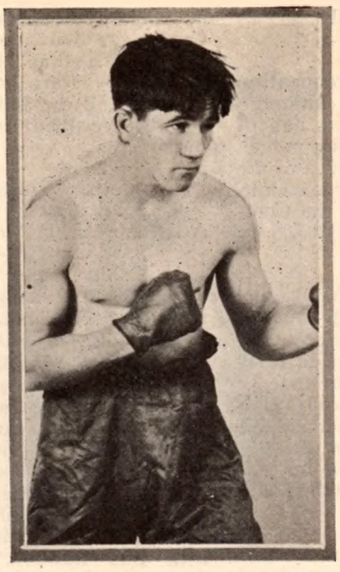
Charlotte, N. C., has proved the best fight center in our state. This is due possibly to so many fighters making their home there, and it is also a real live town in every sport. Kid Peck and Lukie Tenner boxed to a capacity house here several days ago. Peck emerged winner.

In Charleston, S. C., Tommy (Kid) Williams and Pinkey May are to meet again soon. It was reported that Williams won their last fight, but it is officially known now that the fight was called a draw. These little flyweights are great club fighters.

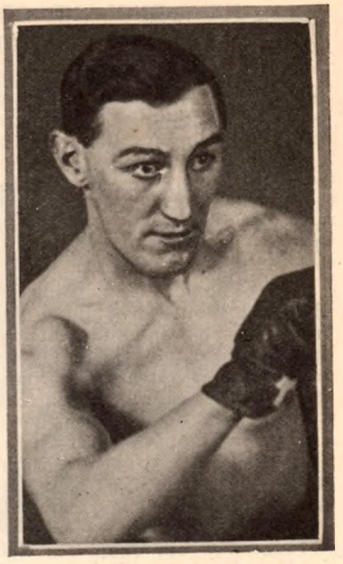
Harry Fales, once the welterweight king of Carolina, has joined the Wilmington police force. Fales has had many fights in the ring, both winning and losing, meeting some of the South's best boys, and so far has won every fight since becoming a limb of the law; he hits too hard for the bootlegger and other lawbreakers.

Jem Mace, the Fashion Plate junior lightweight of Atlanta, Ga.

George Dixon, Portland featherweight, who is coming to the fore.



Johnny Adams, of San Bernardino, former lightweight champion of California.



Francis Russo, the Welshman welterweight who now lives in Brockton, Mass.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

By PATSY DONOVAN

Johnnie Gill, of York, Pa., disposed of Charlie Baum, of Baltimore, in eight of ten scheduled rounds at the Washington Barracks, March 9. Gill toyed with his less experienced opponent and looked as though he could have turned the trick much sooner if he so desired. Sailor Jimmy Waterman, of the Navy Yard, knocked out Curley Warfield in the third round in the semi-final. Chuck Ruben and Jack Cafona boxed six fast rounds, with Cafona's early lead earning him a shade. Jack Cody bested Jimmy McCarthy of Baltimore in the opening six. Over 2,000 fans paid.

Honey Boy Finnegan easily outpointed Tommy Noble in the feature bout staged by the National Capital Sporting Club, March 16. The Honey Boy hit Tommy with everything he had, but the Britisher just kept tearing in. Although Finnegan won by a wide margin, the bout was full of action. Young Dencio and Jackie Feldman fought a 10-round draw in the semi-final. Toney Cortex and Andy Bowen boxed eight rounds about even and Harry (Kid) Groves knocked out Jack Pattron in the opening bout in four rounds.

Harry (Kid) Groves knocked out Jack Cody, of Ft. Myer, Va., in the fourth round of the main attraction before the Fashionable Congressional Country Club, March 17. Johnnie Conroy and Frankie Weinert boxed a six-round draw in the semi-final. Chuck Ruben won all the way from Jerry Gardiner, of Boston. It was quite a novelty for the society folks and Manager Al. Day sure hit a strong point in staging the show. The women as well as the men seemed to enjoy the entire card.

Terry O'Day, of Ireland, and Eddie Bowen, local bantam, boxed 10 whirlwind rounds, March 18. Bowen, who is a strong youngster, met a well seasoned veteran in O'Day, who sports one of the best left hands in the business. For eight rounds it was Terry's wonderful left that kept him in the lead, but Bowen would not be denied, and due to his strong finish in the final two rounds, he was at least entitled to a draw. The boys have been rematched over the 12-round route. Jack Turner reinstated himself with the local public by defeating Jimmy McLaughlin over the 10-round route. Al Foreman won over Kid Julian by a foul in the fifth round. Al was leading at the time the low punch was landed. Jimmy Gardiner defeated Jack Sullivan in the six-round opener.

It has been announced that Lew Paluso will meet Goldie Ahern on April 6, in lieu of Johnnie Dundee. From Paluso's recent showing against Sid Terris in New York it looks as though Ahern has his work cut out for him. Ahern recently knocked out Johnnie Shephard at Charleston, S. C., and also defeated Lou Guglimini, at Charlotte, N. C. If Ahern wins over Paulso he will in all probability meet Honey Boy Finnegan.

Sammy Hogan, local featherweight, will make his first start on April 6 in more than four months. Hogan has been laid up. His opponent on the National Capital Sporting Club's card will be Tommy West.

Eddie Bowen defeated Hank Dundee before the City Club on March 23. Bowen won all the way. He hit Hank plenty, but did not seem to bother the Baltimore Italian. K. O. McCollars knocked out Young Jeff Clark in three rounds. Sailor Jimmy Waterman knocked out Curley Warfield in six rounds, and thereby demonstrated that his previous k. o. over Warfield was no fluke. Jimmy Gardiner defeated Porky Flynn in the opener.

Rival promoters are busy trying to land the Johnnie Gill-Joe Bashara bout. Bashara, who has yet to be defeated here, is a real drawing card. Gill recently defeated Charlie Baum.

MILWAUKEE NEWS

By FRED SADDY

Walter Grayjack is back home from Detroit, where he has been for the past year. Walter held Merle Alte, sensational Indianapolis featherweight, to a ten-round draw on March 17. This Alte lad looks like a real comer and with a few more fights under his belt he will be up there battling the best of them.

Bob Moha, one-time middleweight contender, is doing well with his string of boxers. Bob has Al Kubiak, a middleweight; Frankie Burns, a lightweight, and Joe Ortez, a featherweight. If any of these lads turn out to be as good as Bob, they will be certain to cut in on the big money.

The writer was in Indianapolis recently and inquired about Jack Dillon. Jack, I was sorry to learn, was doing another short sentence for liquor violation.

Roy Conley, the "Fighting Parson," lost a shade decision to Jimmy Nuss at Green Bay, Wis., on March 27. In the semi-final, Charlie Webber and Young Wyco battled to an eight-round draw.

Morrie Goldberg, Tom Schroeder's amateur sensation, made his professional debut in Detroit on April 17. Goldberg was Wisconsin amateur featherweight champion and winner of the Central A. A. U. bantam title in 1924 and 1925.

Eddie "Cannonball' Martin, former bantam champ, defeated Pete Sarmiento here on March 6. It was one of the best fights ever seen here and Martin's victory was not by a big margin. The little Filipino made a strong finish, but could not overcome Martin's early lead. On the same card, Eddie Anderson and Harold Smith fought a ten-round draw, and Young Everette and Joe Ortez, a pair of local boys, traveled on even terms for six rounds.

Larry Sobjeck and Tommy Burns put up a sensation bout at Indianapolis on March 9. It was such a great fight that the boys were immediately rematched and they engaged in the return go on March 23. This also was a great fight and a close bout.

Connie Curry, Sioux City, Iowa, and Johnny Curtin, of New York, met a like fate in their bouts here on March 23. Each had a six-round K. O. chalked against them, Pete Sarmiento stopping Curry, and Eddie Anderson stopping Curtin. In the opener, Charlie Glaser held Joe Ortez to a six-round draw.

Kid Everette, local lightweight who has engaged in about ten professional bouts, is showing improvement in each battle. He has been successful in most of his bouts.

Joey Clein lost a close decision to Charlie Raymond at Peoria. It was Joey's first fight since his recent illness and will not show his real form till he engages in a couple of more fights. He is certain that he can beat Raymond in a return go.

Sammy Mandell turned a deaf ear to an offer made him to box Harry Kahn, local star, at Madison, Wis. Mandell did not want any of Kahn's game because he was a southpaw.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(The North American).

Johnny Burns, matchmaker and general promoter of the Cambria A. C., will leave for the Pacific Coast in a few weeks with several of his boxers, including Nate Goldman, Marty Gold and Frankie Ferro.

Charlie (Kid) Thomas, former South Philadelphia lightweight, who fought Benny Leonard and virtually all the leading boys in his class, is now doing theatrical work as a singer. He has appeared at several local playhouses recently.

After the recent movie film trial in Trenton, Jimmy Daugherty, the Baron of Leiperville, hurried to the Pacific Coast to look after his boxers, Bobby Barrett, Alex Hart and George Godfrey.

Herman (Muggsy) Taylor, who conducts the open air shows along with Robert Gunnis, has returned from a winter in Florida and will soon start work on his big summer program. They will conduct shows at Shibe Park.

Danny Kramer, one of the stars in Max (Boo-Boo) Hoff's stable, is rapidly getting back in fighting trim and is determined to get another shot at champion Kaplan.

Al Markie, the Kensington slugger, has been getting a lot of work lately. He is always in excellent condition.

Penn, under the coaching of George Decker, former West Philadelphia lightweight star, gained two individual championships in the Intercollegiate boxing tournament when Sammy Kaplan won the 125-pound title and Jake Kauffman triumphed in the unlimited heavyweight division.

Ad Stone is well on his way up the light heavyweight ladder. The fighting Marine, after being idle for several months on account of an injured eye, has come back with a rush and is bowling over the majority of his opponents.

It would not be surprising to see Lew Tendler, Phil Glassman's lightweight ace, collide with Jack Zivic, the Pittsburgh sensation, in an open air windup at one of the Philadelphia ball parks this summer. Tendler is not satisfied with his knockout at the hands of Zivic, received in the Smoky City.

Terrence Moore, a native of Ireland, made good in his first start at the Cambria Club by beating Joe Desmond and now is looking for bigger game.

Jimmy Dougherty, manager of Alex Hart, the Philadelphia lightweight, did not accompany him to New York for the tournament but remained on the Pacific Coast to referee the Joe-Benjamin-Silvers bout. Dougherty writes that Bobby Barrett is rapidly regaining his health at Los Angeles.

Danny Gordon, one of Max Hoff's most ambitious fighters, is in the best condition of his career as has been shown by his sylendid work in all his recent bouts.

Amateur boxing has been going better than ever in Phillie this winter. The Shanahan Catholic Club tournament attracted an entry list of more than 150 and the K. of C. tourney drew almost as many. A number of promising lads have been developed out of these amateur ranks.

Patsy Broderick, who won the Pawling lightweight belt when the Ice Palace was still conducted by Geo. Pawling, is training for a comeback and will be handled by John A. Oebbecke.

Nate Goldman, the Kensington lightweight, has received several tempting offers to appear in bouts on the Pacific Coast. Goldman made his professional start on the Coast and is anxious to renew some old acquaintances.

After being out of the ring for some time, Ivy Jack Eshelman, of Harrisburg, got back in action recently by knocking out Johnny Reilly at Allentown.

The Pennsylvania State lightweight tournament which was awarded to the Armory A. A., has been postponed until later in the season and will probably fade out of the picture altogether.

Sammy Hahn, manager of Harry (Kid) Brown and Joe Tiplitz, has turned down a number of good offers from the West as he prefers to keep his lightweights busy in the Eastern rings. Brown recently turned in a decision victory over Frazzetti in Brockton, Mass.

Phil Brown, a promising looking flyweight, is training daily at the Y. M. and Y. W. H. A. gymnasium and is looking forward to a busy campaign.

Tim Droney, veteran Lancaster lightweight, who has grown into a welterweight in recent years, is still stepping along at a lively clip. Droney has met virtually all the lightweights in the fast set.

Phil Glassman says that Benny Bass is the best looking little fellow that he has ever seen in action and believes that Benny will some day wear the featherweight crown.

Sammy Decker, younger brother of George Decker, coach of the University of Pennsylvania boxing team, is training for a comeback and will be handled by the veteran trainer, Jack Hagen. Young Decker expects to re-enter the ring around the 130-pound mark.

Philadelphians still insist that Eddie (Kid) Wagner, the star lightweight in Max (Boo Boo) Hoff's stable, got all the worst of it in his tournament bout with Jimmy Goodrich. But Wagner is not discouraged over the temporary setback and will work all the harder.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS

By ART WINCH

Harold Smith, Chicago's leading bantamweight contender, returned from New York with his right hand in a cast. He fractured it in his bout with Bushey Graham in New York on March 20. Despite his defeat by Graham, Smith is not discouraged as he fought nine rounds with one hand, and the pain was so great that many other boxers would have quit before the twelfth round was reached. The first thing that Buck Montgomery, manager of Smith did on reaching Chicago was to hunt Jim Mullen, the Aurora promoter, and try to get Mullen to sign Smith with Bushey Graham for his first open air show. Mullen would not consent to this. He declared he planned a match between Smith and Rosenberg. Jim has Rosenberg signed and he will not have any trouble getting Smith's name to a set of articles.

Bud Taylor, the Terre Haute torpedo, who has been on the shelf some time, with a bad shoulder, is training again. Manager Eddie Long has several bouts booked for him. Taylor will make his first appearance at East Chicago about the middle of April with some good opponent. Manager Long has posted $2,500 with the New York Commission to bid a match between Taylor and Rosenberg for the title. The Chicago fans would like to see Taylor and Smith meet and the winner to get the champion. The Smith and Taylor match will be decided at Aurora this summer.

Eddie Anderson, Moline, Ill., bantamweight, is another contender for the title. Eddie would like to mix with the best in the bantamweight division. From the way Eddie is going the promoters will have to recognize him.

Jimmy Gardner, boxing instructor at Mullen's Loop Gym, has many good prospects. The following are some of the boys who Jimmy says will make good: Jack Feldheim, Willie Brown, Ray Malloy, Joe Regan, Bill Nolan, John Jeth, George Gardner, Jr., Bill Maddux, Dan Gasparo, Paul Allen, Harry Gray, Ernie Peters and Russell Whalen. These boys range from flyweights to heavyweights. "Watch them!"

Ray Alvis, the hustling manager, has run into bad luck. Warnie Smith, star welterweight, is laid up with a broken jaw and the other night in Milwaukee, Connie Curry, one of the best bantamweights in the country, broke his right paw, and Ray just received a wire that Cowboy Padgett fell off a horse. So you can see that a jinx is following Ray, but he expects to have all his boys in action before the summer rolls around. As they are all popular favorites around Chicago it looks like Ray will get plenty of work for them.

Pete Sarmiento should move to Chicago as he is one of the most popular boxers that ever worked in this vicinity.

Eddie "Cannonball" Martin made quite a hit in Milwaukee and the boxing fans of the Middle West want to see more of him.

Sid Terris is the most talked of lightweight in Chicago since the days that Charlie White was beating champions in Milwaukee. The Chicago fans are anxious to see Terris in action.

Goldie and Whitey, trainers for Frank Churchill, are very popular here. Goldie for his unassuming ways, Whitey for his pinochle ability.

Mullen's Loop gym in Chicago, is the finest gym in the country. There is plenty of fresh air, sunshine, showers and dressing rooms in Mullen's gym. Leading boxers and wrestlers from all over the country train at Mullen's gym when in Chicago. Mullen has practically every boxer in Chicago training at his place. There are two rings in which the boys keep busy.

Joey Sanger, Milwaukee featherweight, is in great shape. He is ready to meet the best featherweights in the country. Sanger and Pete Sarmiento are matched to box this month in Milwaukee and there will be many Chicago fans travel to Milwaukee to see these boys in action. The winner of this bout will be matched to box the featherweight champion in May.

Sam Buxbaum has a promising featherweight in Eddie Mack, of Alamosa, Colo., who soon will be ready to take on the best boys. Mack is attending school at present and will finish in May. He is recognized as the feather champion of the Southwest.

The Mullen's loop gymnasium at 175 W. Madison Street, in Chicago, is now one of the best equipped gyms in the country as it now has two rings where all the leading boxers and wrestlers train every afternoon.

A new graduate from the amateur ranks is Jack Feldham, a lightweight, who looks like a real comer. This youngster has had six professional starts and has won them all and looks as though he will develop into another left-hook artist.

Picked Up Here and There in State of California

By R. A. McNALLY

BOXERS and their managers will have to toe the mark in their dealings with promoters and the public of California.

This is the ultimatum served by the State Athletic Commission: "No monkey business will be tolerated. The commission has now got its bearings and intends to enforce its rules and regulations to insure a square deal for all concerned," says Secretary Yarwood.

"The commission will not tolerate attempts of boxers to 'run out' on fights. It's unfair to the promoters. Boxers' managers must know that when they make an engagement their agreement is just as binding as in business practice."

Yarwood further announced that the commission will, from now on, enforce its rule prohibiting boxers from fighting more than once a week.

"This does not mean that a boxer who fights on a Friday night will be permitted to engage in another bout on Tuesday of the following week. A full week must elapse between fights," declared Yarwood.

The public will join in seconding the commission's announcements. Slipshod methods of promoting and conducting fights will but serve to hurt the game, and in view of the announcement of a Sacramento clergyman that an attempt will be made to repeal the boxing amendment in 1926, every effort should be made by all interested in boxing--the commission, public, boxers, managers and promoters—to keep the game clean, to popularize it and to put it on a plane above reproach so that the opponents of boxing will not be supplied with ammunition for their proposed war on the amendment legalizing it.

Jimmy Britt should make a good referee. The fact that his version of the Johnson-O'Dare bout did not coincide with the fans' judgment or newspapermen's views is not to be construed as a reflection on Jimmy's ability, earnestness or sincerity.

Jimmy, as all who know him will attest, calls a spade a spade. Jimmy believed and still believes that O'Dare outfought Johnson in the early rounds, carrying the fight to Floyd at all stages, and having him in distress on several occasions.

Jimmy, as long as he is sincere and can call 'em with a reasonable amount of accuracy, should make good. He injected pep into the Johnson-O'Dare fight, making the boys break and refusing to allow any stalling or mauling around. He made them fight all the time, and that's what the fans want.

The Eddie Huffman-Tony Fuente bout at the Vernon arena, which was won by Huffman after ten hard rounds, supplied the local boxing game with two good heavyweight cards last month.

Huffman delivered in a way that more than pleased his boosters. He is far and away better than when he won and lost in two battles with Eddie Trembley.

The sailor waded through the ten rounds like an old-timer, taking all but the fifth and sixth rounds.

George Blake, boxing instructor of the Los Angeles A. C., last month celebrated his twentieth anniversary as a boxing referee.

Just one-fifth of a century ago on March 18, 1905, George stepped into the ring at the old Chutes Park and acted as arbiter in a preliminary bout between Kid Snyder—now trainer of the Los Angeles ball club, under his real name. Frankie Jacobs—and Young Terry of Salt Lake City. It was the curtain raiser to the contest between Joe Gans and Mike "Twin" Sullivan, which had been postponed from St. Patrick's Day because of rain.

Blake did a good job and kept right on going until he became one of the greatest boxing referees the game has ever known.

Tom Kennedy of the Hollywood stadium, and Dick Donald, of the Lyceum A. C., have completed arrangements for the construction of a boxing arena in Hollywood in which to hold the proposed Jack Dempsey-Jack Renault bout and other contests in which world famous fighters will appear.

Official approval of their project was given by Capt. Seth W. P. Strelinger, chairman of the California boxing commission, and plans for the arena were turned over to the contractor, Dick Dusenberry.

The arena will be located on a site 800 feet square on Highland avenue, near Santa Monica boulevard. The deal for the taking over of the property was completed several days ago when Floyd Carleton, who controlled the site, signed the necessary papers with Kennedy.

The new arena will have a seating capacity of 60,000 and will cost approximately $50,000.

TERSE COAST GOSSIP

By TOM STEVENS

The most sensational feat ever staged in pugilism goes to one Jack Lee, the light heavyweight of Seattle, who defeated Eddie Huffman, in six rounds at the big open show at the Wilmington baseball park in the semi-windup to Godfrey and Vic Alexander. The win over the best drawing card on the west coast was impressive, inasmuch as Lee fought and lost a curtain raiser on the same card that Huffman defeated Tony Fuente in the main event only four days before. Old-timers say they can never recollect when a curtain raiser boy beat a main-eventer on the same bill within that length of time.

Mickey Walker is "sold" to California. The Newark boy believes he will rest his weary head in the Prune State when he retires and maybe before that. With something like $30,000 salted away in the bank from the Bert Colima scrap, Mickey said a hearty goodbye. Mickey made a tremendous hit. Walker may defend his welterweight title here next summer if the plans of Jack Doyle materialize.

The Tony Fuente-Sailor Huffman fight drew something like nine thousand fans, who paid from one to five dollars for seats. The gob had a big following from the battleships which were stationed within an hour's ride from Los Angeles, while Tony's faithful supporters migrated clear from the deserts. Tony lost a ten-round decision, but disproved reports of various individuals who intimated that he was a diver and did not like the rough going.

The referee situation in California has reached the stage of desperation. There are referees working main events who are not worthy of openers in other places. Some of the rankest decisions have been awarded.

Every effort was made by Los Angeles promoters to induce Jimmy Duffy, of Oakland, to box Mickey Walker, but the Jewish lad answered in the negative.

Ritchie King, navy featherweight, has left with the ships for Australia. King is a big box office attraction and is in demand at some of the best clubs on the coast. He has beaten Frankie McCann, Dandy Dillon and many others.

Eddie Spence, navy light heavyweight, has also departed. He is young and a trifle green, but bears watching. He hits with precision, and has made rapid strides for a boy of his calibre.

Kid Norfolk may appear in a 10-round main event at the Oakland Auditorium in the near future with an opponent yet to be selected. Tommy Simpson has agreed to give the "Black Thunderbolt" a bout, and Leo Flynn's representative is busily engaged telegraphing to New York closing for the match.

Coming to the Coast with Norfolk may be Maxie Rosenbloom, New York.

Local and transbay fans may be treated to a bout they have been longing to see for some time. A 10-round bout between Jimmy Duffy and Dave Shade is in the making and Fourth of July at the Oakland ball park is the date.

Tommy Simpson, not wanting to put anything in the way of Shade's signing, has agreed to let the former Concord boy come in at catchweights. Both are products of the four-round game, and Shade has beaten Walker in a 12-round no-decision bout and is Walker's leading contender.

Simpson figures that Shade and Duffy will be the biggest card in this season's deck.

Tommy Loughran has read with interest Mickey Walker's wide-flung challenge to the pugilistic world to meet any and all comers, Jack Dempsey excepted, and wishes it known that he stands ready to accommodate the world's welter champ at any time. "I'm confident I can lick him," commented Tommy. "I would welcome the bout."

IN LOS ANGELES

By BENNY SONORA

Ollie Attell, the New York featherweight, who is here in search of matches, has an impressive record. During the past year he has beaten Kid Coster, Tony Carpone, Tommy White, Joey Sanger, Teddy Snyder, Charlie Glaser and Ray Rychel

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George Godfrey, an Eastern heavyweight, stopped Vic Alexander of Los Angeles, in his first bout on the Pacific Coast. Godfrey had Alexander at his mercy from start to finish. A stomach punch in the seventh round ended the affair. The bout was held at the Wilmington ball park. It was the first open air bout in Southern California and proved a huge success.

Mickey Walker, welterweight champion,

left Los Angeles on March 23, for his home in Newark, N. J. Walker was accompanied by Mrs. Walker, Joe Dagnon, his manager; "Babe" Cullen, N. J. promoter, and Damon Runyon, famous writer for the Hearst newspapers. Walker will return here next month.

Fidell La Barba, Olympic flyweight champion, added another laurel to his crown when he defeated Georgie Rivers at Hollywood on March 20. La Barba showed great improvement since his fight with Young Nationalista.

Hayden Phythian, collegian football player, makes his professional debut at Vernon Arena on April 21, in the semi windup against Mickey Rockson, a tough trial horse. Last June in the A. A. U. tournament, Phythian, who never before had been in the ring, was selected to represent the West in the National tournament but refused to leave his studies. Phythian is in splendid condition and is rapidly picking up the finer points of boxing.

Johnny Buff, former world's bantamweight and American flyweight champion, has been boxing with great success in Los Angeles. Since arriving, he has defeated Benny Diaz and Kid Payo, and drew with Franky Novey.

Julius Jessick is now the most promising boy in Southern California. Jessick is just out of the amateur ranks but the fights he put up against Johnny Lamar and Young Brown stamp him as a comer.

Dode Bercot, the Seattle Logger, took a ten round decision over Bobby Barrett of Philadelphia. The best junior welterweight scrap ever staged at Vernon Arena.

IN SAN BERNARDINO
By OTTO A. PETERS

Gil Davis, who weighs 140 pounds, has won 19 out of 20 of his last fights by knockouts. He is the talk of the Pacific Coast.

Frank Roy Merrick, a heavyweight, is also going great around San Bernardino.

Johnny Adams is now under the management of Tom Jones, the only man who ever managed three world's champions. Adams is the former Pacific Coast lightweight champion. Jones, who handled Billy Papke, Ad Wolgast and Jess Willard, says Adams will file a forfeit to box Louis "Kid" Kpalan, featherweight champion, for the crown.

"Adams has boxed a lot of boys who were too big for him," says Jones, "but now he will be matched with lighter talent. I will post a forfeit to bind a match with Kaplan and will have Johnny make any weight to which the champion will agree.

Friends of Adams are pleased that the boy has hooked up with the veteran manager. Jones knows every angle of the boxing game, and if it is possible for Adams to reach the top he can make the grade under the direction of Jones.

BUFFALO'S BOXING NEWS
By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo-McKeesport bantamweight, will meet Bud Taylor, of Terre Haute, at Louisville, Ky., on Derby Eve, May 12. This is the best boxing day of the year in Old Kentucky and a $15,000 house is looked for as Ryan and Taylor are runnerups for the world's bantam title.

Ryan gave Abe Goldstein a tough battle for the title last Fall in New York and Taylor lost a hard-fought match with Pancho Villa. Both Ryan and Taylor have beaten practically every good one in their class.

Jimmy Slattery put the skids under Augie Ratner in their bout at Boston. Jimmy knocked Ratner out in less than two rounds, outclassing him all the way. "Slats" showed Augie more gloves than he was ever shown before.

Slattery is punching like a trip-hammer and improving with every fight. It is only a question of a few months when he will be on Jack Dempsey's trail for a heavyweight title match. Slattery is rapidly outgrowing the middleweight class and will pass through the light-heavyweight division next Summer. He is only twenty years old and should weigh about 180 within a year. Right now he can lick ninety per cent of the heavyweights.

Buffalo fans are mighty proud of the redoubtable young Irishman.

Johnny Rose, Toronto bantamweight, who beat Charlie Phil Rosenberg in the Garden, is living in Buffalo now. Rose is going very good and it will take a tough battle to hold him even. He is ready for all comers.

Frankie Schoell, Buffalo's welterweight champion, who has to fight middleweights on account of the scarcity of good welterweights, defeated Larry Estridge, New York negro, in a hot twelve-round bout at Madison Square Garden. This was the semi-windup to the Berlenbach-Siki bout.

Schoell dropped Estridge for a nine count and gave him a boxing lesson all the way.

Rocky Kansas and Sid Terris were to have performed for the Velodrome club on April 13. Terris injured his hand and was forced to ask a postponement. The boys are to meet on April 27, according to the latest plans.

Jimmy Goodrich, Buffalo's contender in the lightweight championship elimination tournament, is going good and winning all of his bouts. He beat K. O. Jeakle and Kid Wagner and will come close to winning the New York commission's lightweight title. Goodrich will have a hard battle with Jack Bernstein or Sammy Mandell, but the others will have to watch him.

Art Wander, Jimmie Mack's good featherweight, is a kid who is likely to become one of the best 126 pounders in the country. Art formerly boxed at bantam but is a stiffer puncher as a featherweight. Mack is schooling him for big things this Summer.

Mack is also managing Johnny Kozlowski, hard hitting Rochester Polish boy. Kozlowski looks and acts like a real fighter.

Jack Oakes, the negro welterweight star, is getting in fine shape. He is ready for a strenuous Spring and Summer campaign in the ring. Oakes can punch and box and there are few welters, white or colored, that can beat him. In fact, he is just about the best colored welterweight in the country.

Charlie Murray, matchmaker of the Queensberry A. C. and one of the shrewdest promoters in the country, is back home again after spending a month at Miami, Fla. Murray likes Florida and sees a great future for the Southern state.

Now that he is back home, Murray is busy again and is lining up some great bouts for Buffalo fans. He expects to star Slattery against Jock Malone or Frank Moody here on April 20. He may use Tommy Ryan with Irish Johnny Curtin or Midget Smith along with Slattery-Moody.

FLORIDA FISTIC TOPICS
By the "I. O. U." KID

In a recent bout at St. Petersburg, Fla., Barney Adair, veteran New York welter, met a tarter in Fearless Ferno, of Jacksonville. Although Adair won a hair line decision, a return match would be appreciated. What a fight!

Jack Dennisey, Canadian welter champ, meets Harry "Kid" Baker, of Gary, Ind., March 30, at Waycross, Ga. Dennisey has a splendid record that shows Ted "Kid" Lewis, former welterweight champion, a victim among many other notables.

A boy who will be heard from soon is one French Rousselle, a South Jacksonville product. What a wallop he packs. He has k. o.'d the local lightweights so fast that none care for his company.

The fight game in Jacksonville is not much to speak of at present owing to the fact of poor management and promoting. Nevertheless, it is a good town to work out of for the season. Being accessible to all parts of the country by direct railroad lines. Many out-of-town boxers are making it their headquarters.

Tommy Diggs, popular south side bantamweight, added Philly Kid Richie to his list after two minutes of hectic fighting.

Al Zainey, the fighting Syrian who hails from Chicago, Ill., is in great demand here in Florida and elsewhere. Tampa, Fla., promoters are trying to rematch Tommy Jones with him for their next show. Their last bout was a corker and the fans are still wagging over it as to who really won.

Burt Jordan is matchmaker for the Legion at Waycross, Ga., and would like to hear from boys seeking fights.

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SMOKY CITY NOTES
By BILLY LEWIS

The Willie Stribling-Harry Fay match was a bloomer as far as fight goes, and resembled a foot race—it was a case of Stribling wouldn't fight and Fay couldn't. So the fans had to rely on the rest of the card to get their money's worth, and sure got it in the semi-final when Jack McFarland, the pride of Wilkinsburgh, defeated Kid Carpentier of New Kingsington, Pa., in a real fight. Both boys were fighting all the time. McFarland gained the edge in eight rounds.

Chubby Brown of Rochester, N. Y., and our own Jack Zivic fought at Motor Square Garden in a return match and before a packed house. Jack showed that Brown is not in his class and all that can be said of Chubby is that he's one tough boy who can take them.

Once more we get the news that Cuddy de Marco will fight Jack Zivic, and Red Mason will have De Marco in at 141 pounds at 3 o'clock the day of the fight and wants Zivic to make the same weight.

The boxing fans of this city were shocked to learn of the death of Jimmy Davenport, the McKeesport promoter who was only sick for a few days. Jimmy was well known and liked by all.

There is some talk of bringing Willie Harmon to this city with Jack Zivic, but its doubtful if Harmon will take the chance with a Mickey Walker fight within his reach.

The match that would fill Motor Square Garden is an Eddie Shevlin-Zivic fight. Shevlin would bring out all the fight in Zivic and give the fans of this city a real line of what he's really got.

A boy that ought to show in this city is Red Chapman, the lad who defeated Johnny Dundee in Boston a few weeks ago.

Eddie Mack, the popular Boston fight promoter, was here with Stribling and took care of him in his joust with Harry Fay.

Two new fight clubs are about to open up in this city. George Jaffee plans to hold fights every Friday night at his Academy Theatre and hold a midnight show after the fights.

Dusquense Garden is also going to open up and from reports, Johnny Ray, former lightweight star, will be doing the matchmaking. With three good sized fight clubs going weekly, Pittsburgh should be one of the country's leading fight cities and if the shows are run right the city is big enough to keep all three clubs going good.

KNOXVILLE NOTES
By JOE McDONALD

On March 12 Homer Roberson, a colored middleweight of this city beat Battling Norfolk, of Memphis. Although outweighted 26 pounds Roberson won six of the eight rounds. Roberson stopped Texas Tanner, of Houston, Texas, in 4 rounds on March 8. Roberson has been boxing in great style around here this season. He has had ten bouts with the best colored boys in the south, and he won nine by knock outs.

Bob Ramsey, a local middleweight, travelled to Tampa and took the measure of Sailor Mike Owens in a ten round bout.

Jack Darcy, featherweight of this city, is back home after winning two bouts in Cincinnati. He may be seen in action here shortly.

There is a plan now under way to have boxing here all summer. A syndicate is about ready to close a deal for some land to build an outdoor arena.

Dutch Foster, a boy who has been out of the game for some time made a good comeback on March 18 when he won a one round K. O. over Bill McCoy.

All visiting fighters receive a hearty welcome at Mc's Gym when in Knoxville, a good place to train and meet all the boys is at this gym.

FISTIC NEWS OF GEORGIA
By Coleman McGrill

The boxing situation is still in a slump around these parts. Here in Atlanta there seems to be no one willing to take a chance to tag any matches. The newly organized Boxing Commission with E. Walter Trip, chairman of the Commission in full charge, is expected to revive the report.

However, the fact that Atlanta is not staging any bouts does not keep the local boys from keeping busy elsewhere. Larry Avera, Lew Silver, Billy McGowan, and some of the lesser known pugs are boxing on the average of once a week, Avera accomplished three knockouts last month. Tanks Grantham, Army champion of the southeastern states, was a victim in 7 rounds; Judd Horning went five rounds, and Jack Wehby lasted just 45 seconds, Avera scoring a knockout over Wehby in quick order of the first round.

Avera is conceded Southern Junior Welter champion by all critics and rightly so, as the blond Irishman has developed a regular Charlie White left hook, and when he lands the poor victim simply gose down.

Billy McGowan also has been a busy youngster. Billy kayoed Jack Sudenberg in three rounds, and was awarded referee's decision over Dummy Barrington, and Johnny McGinty. McGowan also defeated Jackie Clark, famous Allentown, Pa., light-heavy on a foul in three rounds. McGowan was the winner on points until the foul blow landed.

Mike Owens, Savannah, Ga., middleweight, and Jack Ramsey boxed a ten round draw in Tampa, Fla.

Tommy Jones, local junior featherweight, is still keeping up with his winning streak. He defeated Irish Hickey in 8 rounds in Tampa, Fla., later kayoed Peco Diez.

Dick White, Columbus, Ga., youngster scored an impressive victory over K. O. Pomeranz, when White kayoed Pomeranz in four rounds.

T. A. Furlong, matchmaker for the American Legion in Savannah, Ga., staged the Lukie Tenner-Louis Guglimini ten round bout. The result was a draw and the boys put up a lively exhibition.

Jack McFadden, Fort Benning light-heavy, and the Walloping Wop of Fort McPherson, were to box in a scheduled ten round bout, the referee disqualified the "Wop," when one of his seconds jumped in the ring, claiming a foul. Major Keely, matchmaker of Fort McPherson, has matched McFadden to face Billy McGowan at an early date.

The Ken Burrus party of Wilmington, N. C., apparently is still smarting from the defeat suffered at the hands of Larry Avera, at Charlotte, N. C., last month.

Billy McGowan, local light-heavyweight, scored a quick knockout over Earl McFadden in Fort McPherson, March 30. Billy kayoed the Fort Benning soldier in 30 seconds of a scheduled ten round bout. Red Keenean and Young Bernier battled eight rounds to a draw on the same card. Major Keely, matchmaker for the twenty-second infantry, is planning staging his next show in the open air, featuring some nationally known fighters.

FROM TOLEDO AND VICINITY
By PHILIP J. GANZERT

During March boxing was rather slow but some interesting matches loom up for this and next month.

Toledo's best card was staged on March 16, when Tiger Flowers defeated Sailor Darden in 12 rounds. Darden was always willing to mix it but Flowers proved he is far from being a has-been by cleverly tantalizing his lighter adversary with wicked hooks and jabs.

The semi-final featured two more dusky lads. Frisko Kid, of Atlanta, ko'd Young Graham, of Chicago, in five rounds.

The T. A. C. weekly shows provided pleasant entertainment. Four shows were staged.

On March 6 Gordon Smith, reputed to be the light heavyweight champion of Canada, shaded Johnny Papke, of Jimmy Dunn's stable, in 10 rounds.

On March 13 a long-looked-for match was staged between Bobby Renderly and Kid Ryle. Renderly had a shade the better of the milling for five rounds, but in the sixth he hit on a break and was disqualified.

On March 27 Butch Carr was to have met Sam Danis, the first man Carr had failed to stop in his last five starts. An unusual incident occurred, however, when both boxers sustained injuries in training and a ten-rounder between Eddie Myers, of Detroit, and Bobby Renderly was substituted. Evidently this was too much work for the Toledo lad and the Detroiter shaded him in a very interesting fight.

Joe Lohman knocked out Bob Devine, of Chicago, at Detroit in two rounds on March 9, but lost to Billy Brotton in 12 rounds on March 23 at Zanesville.

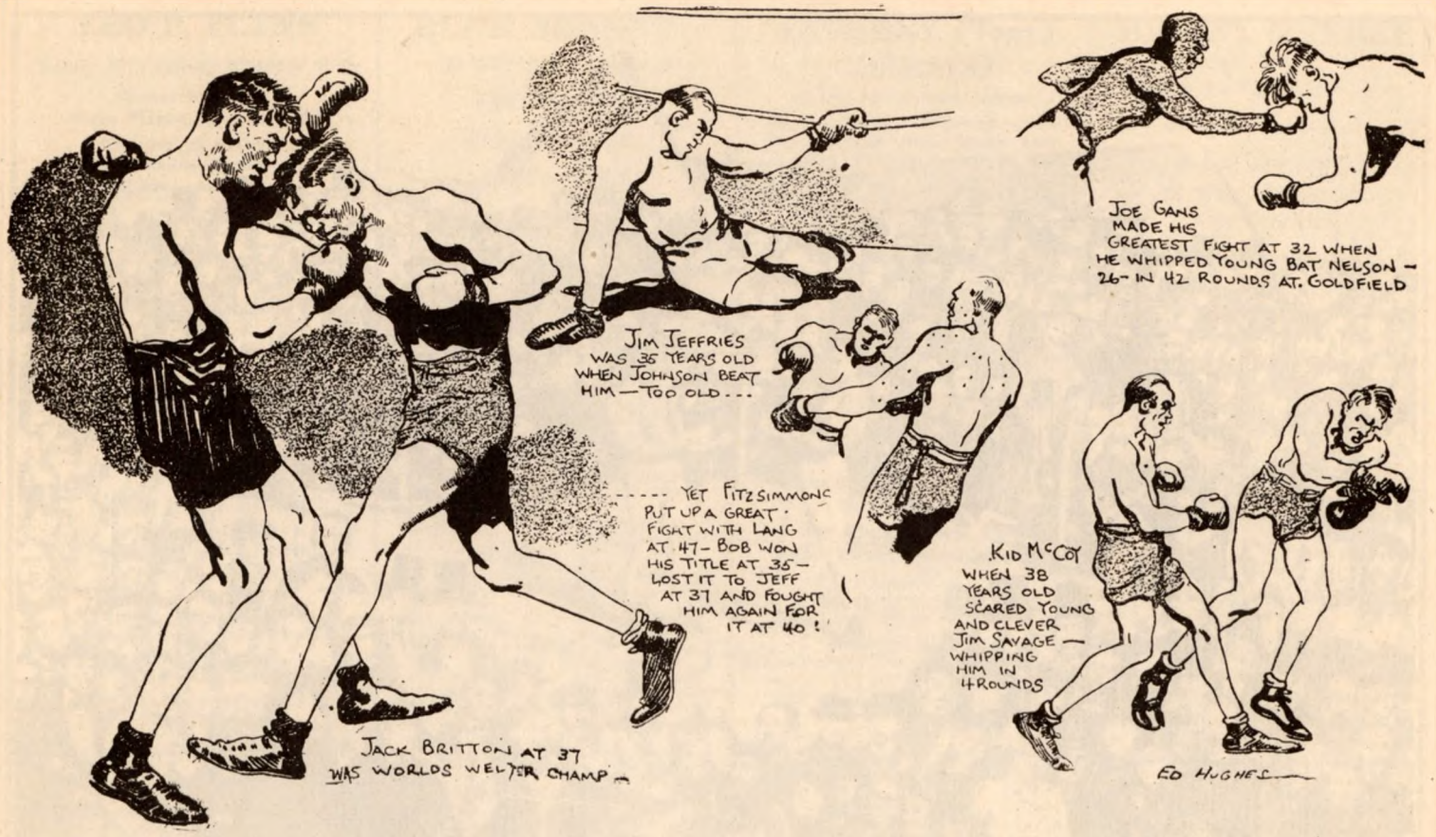
Let Philben kept up his steady pace knocking out Dave Burke, of Detroit, in eight rounds at Grand Rapids, Mich., March 20, and decisively outpointing Rem Williams in eight rounds at Detroit on March 27.

An interesting card was staged on March 26 at Rossford when Don Boyer shaded Pete McClosky in 10 rounds. Harold Weiger and Norm Reiser drew in six rounds, and Tom Kane stopped Al. Krips in two rounds.

Benny Gershe's sensational winning streak was suddenly stopped on St. Patrick's day when Al Corbett defeated him in 12 rounds at Cleveland. It was a great fight, but again comes up the great question, "How can an Irishman lose on St. Pattie's day?"

At Mansfield, on March 9, Al. Dundee licked Johnny Rose, of Toronto, in 12 rounds, and Johnny Horvath, of Mansfield, stopped Bert Palmer, of Toledo, in three rounds.

Years and the Knuckle Game—By Ed Hughes



MAINE NOTES
By R. A. WEATHERBEE

What changes time brings! About 1901 Patsy Sweeny fought Matty Matthews for the world's welterweight title in Hartford, Conn. Recently Patsy was introduced from a Bangor ring, broken in health and without a cent to his name. The fedora went its rounds much to the game old-timer's profit.

A few months ago an unknown Canadian named Lew Bedell drifted into Portland, and, trying his hand at the mitt game, he trounced Young Drew in a preliminary. Then he shaded the big brother, Harry (Kid) Drew. From that time on Lew Bedell has been the most successful battler in Maine rings, winning bout after bout cleanly and decisively until practically every local and neighboring featherweight has fallen before him. In a week he whipped Louis Lambert, newly-crowned Maine champ, and Jimmy (Kid) Rice, the sensational school-boy ex-champion, in six-round bouts. On March 27 Lambert and Bedell fought a slashing twelve-round draw for the Maine featherweight title at the Eastern A. A.'s Popular Price Show in Portland.

On March 16 Duncan McDonald staged Bangor's second fight since the Aldermen lifted the ban. It was a first-class show, with Scoops White, of Worcester, Mass., meeting Frankie Quill, of Nashua, in the main bout. The veteran Quill couldn't keep his face away from the kid's left in the first six stanzas, but came back strong in the last half dozen rounds and smashed his way to a good draw. Dunc did his own refereeing, and kept the boys moving.

This show was an expensive one for these parts, costing about $2,000. Top prices were $3.30, and Dunc lost plenty of shekels, as did Ed Bennett on his $980 card, featuring Woods and Baxter, a few weeks prior. Both were fine shows, but only two local men were on the Bennett card and none on McDonald's.

What Bangor needs is a local champ—a ring idol who will draw the fans as did Wild Bill Fleming, Young Pooler, Johnny Stewart, Utah Kid, etc., in the past.

Georgie Bolduc, Lewiston's fiery little featherweight, has a unique record—much unlike that of Paul Berlenbach. Although only twenty years old he has had nearly seventy bouts, but has not as yet knocked out an opponent. Georgie has never been K. O.ed himself, and has won nearly all of his fights.

March 26 was an unlucky day for Wild Bill Fleming. Bill took Joe Grim, Andy Parker and Bluestein over to the Dexter Armory, where, after showing well in the earlier rounds, each of the Bangor scrappers was K. O.ed by local boys. The assassins were Dostie Richards, Seattle Kid Richards and K. O. Stevens respectively. Three strikes, Bill!

We suggest that, instead of the customary two sixes and a twelve, the Bangor promoters' cards include a curtain-raiser of four rounds between local youngsters. This would give the local boys a chance to break into the game, and may help the promoters to find the much sought for "local champ."

INDIANAPOLIS GOSSIP
By NOBLE "KID" CHISMAN

Mike Mitchell, former Indiana bantamweight champ, has opened a new gymnasium, known as the Arcade Gym, in the downtown district, where many of the local fistic stars will train. Visiting boxers are welcome.

Happy Atherton, local flyweight sensation, conceding three pounds to Connie Currie, of Sioux City, bantamweight, put up the battle of his life at Tomlinson Hall on February 23, in which he not only stuck the ten rounds against the man who has been matched for the world's title, but held his opponent on even terms until the eighth round. He lost only by a shade as a result of being outfought in the closing two rounds.

With a little more experience Atherton will be a top-notcher. He has lost but one fight before this to Tommy Hughes, of Detroit, at Fort Harrison last summer. He has won over such tough lads as "Midget Mike" O'Dowd, of Columbus; Don Carson and Jack Terry, of Los Angeles.

On March 23 at Tomlinson Hall Tommy Burns, of Detroit, and Larry Sobjick, of Milwaukee, put up one of the best and fastest fights ever witnessed in these parts between light-heavyweights since the days of Jack Dillon, the Hoosier Bearcat and Giant Killer.

In the semi-final Merle Alte, Indiana's featherweight champ, lost a decision to Walter Grayjack, of Milwaukee, in a fast bout.

Pinky Crosby, former middleweight champion of the U. S. Navy, and sparring partner of Jack Dempsey, proved that an old-timer can make a comeback by stopping Billy Newhouse, "Newcastle Whirlwind," in five rounds, at Muncie, and by fighting a ten-round draw with tough Jack Ranch at Louisville.

Royal Cox, the Brightwood flyweight, is a lad who should be watched. In another year he will be giving the topnotchers trouble if he keeps going like he has been.

Ringside Scene of Famous King-Mace Fight

This contest, the second between Mace and King, took place at Medway, England, on November 26, 1863. Mace lost in 21 rounds.

What Our Readers Have to Say

Andrew Flanagan, Lawrence, Mass.

Hats off to the greatest boxing magazine in the world!

The only fault that I can find with your wonderful publication is the fact that it is published monthly instead of semi-monthly. I really think that you should publish THE RING twice a month, but of course, you are the publisher and should know best what obstacles you must surmount in order to be able to carry out such a plan.

It is a pleasure to go through THE RING and find so many pictures of interest to the boxing world and so many interesting and delightful articles. I trust that you will be able in the near future to increase the number of modern photographs as it is my opinion that the present day boxing fan is more interested in seeing the boys of to-day rather than the faces of the old timers. This latter suggestion comes through your request for suggestions from your readers.

* * *

Robert Reddy, West Mount, P. Q., Canada.

I buy THE RING each month at my newsdealer's stand and can honestly say that it is so far superior to any other boxing magazine in the world that there is no comparison.

Here in Canada, we carry about 7 varieties of boxing magazines, but none has the sale and interest of THE RING.

* * *

Milton K. Wallace, Macon, Ga.

I have been following THE RING ever since its first edition and I am certain that it is the best publication of its kind in the world. Your editorial page is very good, although I feel, at times, that I cannot agree with all your sentiments.

Best wishes for your continued success.

* * *

R. A. Cumes,
Post Office,
Kirra, Queensland,
Rosewood, Australia.

Kindly address all future copies of THE RING to my new address. Your magazine has no equal the world over.

* * *

MRS. JONES,
753 Third Street,
Macon, Ga.

This is only a note from a little boxer's mother—Tommy Jones. Would you publish a picture of my little Tommy if I send it to you? I am so anxious for his picture to appear in your magazine.

He is a rising little boxer and whips everything that comes his way. He is about to come to New York with Mack Miller. Now, if you will publish his picture, I will send you a good one. I am a fond reader of your wonderful magazine and encourage my boy in his profession.

* * *

CHARLES FRED WHITE,
Pennsylvania State Boxing Commissioner.

For the past two months I have received a copy of your excellent boxing magazine, "The Ring," and have enjoyed reading it very much. The paper is so comprehensive that I consider it of great value in the acquisition of information in the boxing world.

* * *

Otto A. Peters,
552 H Street
San Bernardino, Cal.

Your Ring is going great here. The boys digest every line of your splendid boxing book. We have four other boxing books, but there is only one Ring. That's all we care about. It only takes about 3 days to have all sold here.

It seems the boys had rather buy the Ring than subscribe for it. They ask every week when the next issue will be out. I have just received two subscriptions and will send them to you.

* * *

ARTHUR J. CONLON,
359 Lake Ave., Manchester, New Hampshire.

I have been a follower of boxing for the past 25 years as a newspaperman and at present as a referee in New Hampshire. Having refereed over 300 bouts in and about my state. I am also a consistant reader of your publication "The Ring" which I consider for best boxing paper published in the past 20 years.

My reason for writing this letter is that I feel it is the duty of lovers of boxing to show their appreciation to the Editor by letting him know how well his paper is impressing its readers. I know of no better way than to tell the Editor what you think of his paper.

* * *

JIMMIE DORAN,
1736 7th Avenue, Troy, N. Y.

I find your publication a very valuable book. It has no equal in my honest-to-goodness opinion, and I have been a "boxing fan" for twenty years. The good feature about the "Ring" is that it's contents are purely what the name signifies, "Boxing," and plenty of good, clean news.

* * *

JACK O'SHEA, Gary, Indiana.

Your Ring is the best and most interesting fight paper I ever read and I can hardly wait for it to come out from one month to another.

I wish you success for 1925.

* * *

ROBERT WARD, New York City.

Being a consistent reader of your great magazine I wish to say it is the best book on fighting in circulation today, I never fail to read it from the first to the last page and it has made me a pretty wise fight fan. I also want to say your "question and answer" column is another added feature and I have gained lots from it.

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Questions and Answers

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Q.—How did Sammy Nable get his two fights which he fought on March 5 and 14, 1925? Who gave him the fights?

A.—Nable is his own manager.

Teddy Fulton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who were the two men that knocked out Jack Delaney? (2) Who is the manager of Sergeant Sammy Baker? (3) In what class is Chick Suggs? (4) Did Fred Fulton ever k. o. Tiny Herman?

A.—(1) Augie Ratner and Young Fisher. (2) Steve Weber. (3) Bantam. (4) Yes. Two rounds.

Chick Benson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Lew Paluso, Jackie McCoy, Phil Logan and Mick McAdam? (2) Was Pal Reed ever a winner over Larry Estridge? (3) In what class are Willie Walker and Jack McVey? (4) Who is the manager of Harold Abbott?

A.—(1) Italian, Irish, Italian and Scotch, respectively. (2) Never fought. (3) Middle and welterweight, respectively. (4) Arthur Yende.

Harry K. Chong, Honolulu, T. H.

Q.—Being an enthusiastic follower of the boxing game and also a Chinese, I would be very much pleased if you could give me the following information of Hong Fong Lee, through the next issue of The Ring. Is Hong Fong Lee a pure Chinese and what is his exact weight, height and age? Where was he born and how many fights has he had? How many did he win and how many did he lose?

A.—Hong Fong Lee is a real Chinaman. He was born in China twenty-two years ago. He weighs 172 pounds and stands five feet ten and a half inches in his stocking feet. He served in the Navy for several years during which time he participated in nine bouts. On big time, that is, since he fought professionally, he engaged in eleven contests, losing three.

Owen Madden, New York City.

Q.—Please let me have the measurements of the new bantam king, Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg.

A.—Weight, 118 pounds; height, 5 feet 3 inches; reach, 64 inches; chest, normal, 34; chest expanded, 37; waist, 27; ankle, 10; biceps, 11; wrist, 7; thigh, 17½; neck, 14½; forearm, 11; calf, 14.

William McGarrie, Norwalk, Conn.

Q.—(1) Who is the bantam champion and who owns the light weight title of New England? (2) Why is Tiger Flowers picked second among the middleweights? Why was Jack Delaney picked fourth? (3) I am seventeen. What should I do to get matches? Can I fight or am I too young?

A.—(1) Chick Suggs and Georgie Lee, respectively. (2) Matter of opinion. (3) Rather young.

Constant Reader, Chicago.

Q.—(1) When did Benny Leonard win the crown? (2) When was Georges Carpentier light heavyweight champion?

A.—(1) 1917. (2) 1920.

Dick Washburn, Springfield, Mass.

Q.—(1) Why aren't Sid Terris, Mandell, Dundee and Barbarian included in the lightweight tournament? (2) Is Jimmy Maloney better than Jack Sharkey? What good fighters has he beaten?

A.—(1) Because they didn't care to enter. Mandell has been granted two byes. He will participate in the finals. (2) Yes. Sully Montgomery, Battling McCreery, Jack Sharkey, Joe Stoessel, Sailor Maxted.

Oswald H. Powel, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—(1) Did George Shade knock out Young Marullo in 4 rounds in 1921? (2) What happened to Carl Duane since he was stopped by Johnny Leonard in 6 rounds?

A.—(1) He lost decision. (2) Duane was injured in an automobile accident. He celebrated his comeback recently by scoring a knockout.

James Reilly, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—When is Mike McTigue going to fight again?

A.—Three months.

Lady Fan, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Is Johnny Wilson still fighting?

A.—Yes.

Dan Glazer, Stamford, Conn.

Q.—Who was the most scientific fighter in the world, past or present?

A.—Young Griffo, although some think James J. Corbett or Joe Gans.

W. R., Binghamton, N. Y.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Jackie Gordon, Harry Felix, Solly Seaman, Jack Silver and Joe Benjamin?

A.—All Hebrews.

T. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What must I do to get into the amateurs? When do they meet again? Where must I apply? Must I get an examination?

A.—Get in touch with Ben Levine, A. A. U. headquarters, No. 305 Broadway, N. Y. City.

T. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What is Paul Gulotta's nationality? Is he still an amateur?

A.—Italian-American. No.

Al Spiller, 1525 Gravesend Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

In answering a query in your April issue you say that Eddie (Cannonball) Martin was never knocked out. I am quite certain that Howard Mayberry has stopped him.

(Martin was not stopped by Mayberry. He lost a four round decision to him at the Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, in 1922.)

Jimmy Cherreta, Canton, O.

Q.—(1) Is there any flyweight champion in Italy, his name and age? (2) Has Italy a lightweight scrapper and has he been entered in the lightweight elimination tournament? Name and age? (3) How long since has Spalla fought? Did Dempsey ever fight Spalla or work out together? (4) Is Johnny Wilson a better fighter than Lou Bogash? Did they ever meet? When and where? (5) Was Sammy Mandell ever knocked out?

A.—(1) No. (2) No. (3) Dec. 17, 1924. No. (4) Yes. No. (5) Yes. Joey Sanger was credited with one of those technical k. o.'s in 7 rounds in 1923.

William J. Steinbrickner, New York City.

Q.—(1) I am a boy of sixteen and I am about five feet tall. Would you advise me to enter the ring? I like fighting and have been in a few tournaments. (2) How long has Ad Stone been fighting?

A.—(1) Yes. Advice is that you do not go to it too strenuously at the beginning. (2) Three years.

Alexander Bargolias, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—(1) Do you think Casper Leon could defeat Pancho Villa if they ever met? (2) Do you think Tom Gibbons could defeat Jim Corbett if they ever met? (3) Do you think Johnny Dundee could defeat Kid Kaplan when in his prime. (4) Can Kid Kaplan hit as hard as Terry McGovern? (5) What nationality is Young Corbett?

A.—(1) I believe so. (2) I don't think so. (3) Yes. (4) No. (5) Irish-American.

Sol Rosenbaum, New York City.

Q.—(1) Are fighters made or born? (2) Describe the famous Mary Ann punch of Frank Moran. (3) Are all amateur bouts recorded? (4) What is more essential, science, hitting or defense? (5) Was Battling Siki ever knocked out and by whom?

A.—(1) Both. (2) Frank used to pick up something off the floor with his right hand and let it fly. Against a slow moving object he invariably landed the crusher. (3) Yes, with the Amateur Athletic Union, No. 305 Broadway, New York City. (4) All three. (5) Yes. Paul Berlenbach.

Q.—(1) Could you tell me if Jimmy Delaney, James Delaney and Jack Delaney are the same person? (2) Also if Jose Lombardo and Jose Lombardi is the same person? (3) Are Arthur Chambers, Frank Erne, Freddy Welsh and Ad Wolgast still living?

A.—(1) Jimmy and James Delaney is the same person. He hails from St. Paul, Minn. Jack Delaney is a middleweight from Bridgeport, Conn. (2) Yes. (3) Chambers has gone West. Erne, Welsh and Wolgast are very much alive.

W. Noon, St. Thomas, Ontario, Can.

Q.—(1) How old is Erminio Spalla? (2) What is the address of Johnny Kilbane? (3) What happened to Les Darcy? (4) Is Jimmy Delaney any relation to Jack Delaney?

A.—(1) Twenty-eight. (2) Cleveland, Ohio. (3) Died of a broken heart before making his American debut in New York. (4) No.

Phil Calasso, New York City.

Q.—What rules in this case—the referee calls it a draw; one judge gives it to one boxer, and the other judge gives it to the other?

A.—The decision is a draw.

Chubby Baker, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) When Joe Goldberg, of Rochester, was in his prime was he considered a contender for the lightweight title? (2) Who in your opinion are now the six best lightweights? (3) Who is the lightweight with the best jab? (4) Who are the three greatest bantams, feathers, lights, light heavies and heavyweights?

A.—(1) No. (2) Sammy Mandell, Sid Terris, Tommy O'Brien, Jimmy Goodrich, Solly Seeman, Sid Barbarian. (3) Terris. (4) Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, Eddie (Cannonball) Martin, Abe Goldstein; Johnny Dundee, Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Babe Herman; Mandell, Terris, O'Brien; Gene Tunney, Ad Stone, Jeff Smith; Harry Wills, Tom Gibbons, Jim Maloney.

Cesco Kid, Terre Haute, Ind.

Q.—(1) Who owns the greatest left hand in the ring today? (2) Was the Lew Paluso who was knocked out at Ogden, Wash., by Nobe Cerrcintest, the same Paluso who participated in the featherweight tournament in New York? (3) Who are the men who hold decisions over Louis (Kid) Kaplan? (4) Is Bud Taylor liked in New York? (5) Is Joe Mandel any relation to Sammy Mandell? (6) Did Sammy Mandell ever box Mike Dundee, Joe Burman or Eddie Anderson? (7) Did Jack Dillon ever box Les Darcy?

A.—(1) Jimmy Slattery, of Buffalo. (2) Yes. (3) Babe Herman, Al Shubert and Eddie (Kid) Wagner. (4) Yes. (5) No. (6) He never met Dundee but he fought Burman and Anderson. (7) No.

John Jones, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Q.—(1) Was Mike Gibbons ever a champion? (2) In order to fight in California must a boxer first obtain a license? (3) Are champions born or made? (4) Must a second pass an examination before he is given a license? (5) Who are the five best lightweights now performing in California?

A.—(1) No. (2) Yes. (3) Both. (4) No. (5) Joe Benjamin, Jack Silver, Phil Salvatore, "Ace" Hudkins, Tommy Carter.

Irving Rubin, New York City.

Q.—I am twenty-two years old, weigh 130 pounds, and I am five feet three inches tall. Do you think it too late for me to start boxing?

A.—No.

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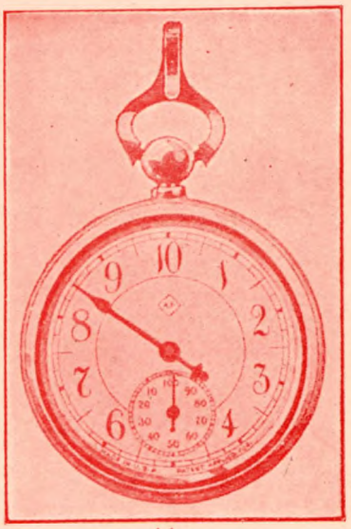

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